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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

APROPOS OF THE 'OBSERVER' REPORT

Le Temps, in its issue of June 25, takes the London *Observer* to task for publishing the report of which we give extensive extracts elsewhere in this issue.

Le Temps says it does not believe that such a report as is here given actually exists. 'But who is responsible for the document published by the *Observer*? Is the report compiled wholly or in part from the numerous papers that the French High Commissioner — like the British High Commissioner, without doubt — has received in the course of his investigations?'

Le Temps thinks it would require a laborious search to settle this question, the importance of which it is inclined to minimize on the ground of certain apparent contradictions in the report itself. Furthermore, it asks what the whole thing proves. Mainly, that Dr. Dorten, the Rhineland Separatist, is dissatisfied with the lukewarm support given him by the French authorities. 'We cannot conceive how any sensible man, even though he may be misled into believing that the report was written by M. Tiraud, can infer from it that France is encouraging a Separatist movement on the Rhine.'

Speaking for itself, *Le Temps* says:—

It is well known that we have never proposed to dismember Germany. Any policy aiming at this seems to us legally unjustifiable and politically impractical. We have said this many times before, and we shall repeat it as often as may be necessary.

The *New Statesman* appraises the report in a sensible way as a doubtless authentic account of unofficial intriguing between certain Frenchmen and a small group of German malcontents in the Rhenish provinces:—

We do not misunderstand this document. We are prepared to accept the French Government's repudiation of it, and to believe that neither M. Poincaré nor any of his predecessors supported Dr. Dorten or gave him money. But though the document may not be authentic, — in the sense, that is, of its not being what it purports to be, a report sent by the High Commissioner of the Rhineland to Paris, — yet it contains only too much that is true about the intrigues and ambitions of important French personages and groups. It has always been understood that there were conflicting policies in Paris, that there was a military party aiming at annexation of the Rhineland and a political and industrial party desiring a nominally German province, in reality closely controlled by France.

William Bolitho, the Paris correspondent of the *Observer*, says:—

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The show-up has alarmed the British Cabinet; it has angered the French; but it has morally executed Dorten. The bull's-eye has caught him like a looter in a back street. . . .

I knew Dorten in the spring of 1919. He was in hiding in a suburb of Wiesbaden, a white house off a dusty road, with two policemen in the hedge outside; and he told me part of the story. He is an Anglo-maniac, rare in Germany. Before the war, he was a civil engineer in London; afterward battery-commander on the Western front; university accent almost perfect, but he overdid his appearance. That well-groomed look, which so obsesses Kipling, on him became something startling, unnatural. No earthly soap could have left a face so radiantly clean; he was almost aseptic, as if washed with ether—gray flannels, cropped hair, and a monocle, and a studied air of tea and tennis. The war had turned him pacifist, fanatical—had given him theories.

Dorten's brief period of glory was during 1919, when he conceived the scheme of making the Rhineland a separate Federal State of the German Republic, with an equal vote in the Reichstag, but consistently friendly to France. This intrigue, which may not have been badly intended in the beginning, was discredited by too much French patronage and the distrust with which it was received by the American and British authorities.

His great idea was worn and withered by its slow progress; it became a pale shadow of French annexation. His rival Smeets set a standard of conscienceless betrayal that Dorten could hardly sustain. French propaganda lost interest in him; he was obliged to outbid. He reached bottom when M. Poincaré himself refused to receive him in Paris. He became what the *Observer* report shows him, a parasite on the French, querulous for protection; open traitor to his people, paid and poorly paid agent of propaganda, hinderer of peace, and bond-slave of the Destiny of stupidity he had set out to break. Guilelessness and goodwill had failed even more lamentably than

the audacity and ruse of better men. In the quest of the Dark Tower of European settlement he will go down in a footnote of history like Sir Giles in the Ballad, 'poor traitor, spit upon and cursed.'

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ENGLAND'S UNIVERSITY PROBLEMS

ARE Oxford and Cambridge to become state universities—to the extent, at least, that their work will be increasingly supported by the Government? A step already taken in that direction has led to an interesting debate in Parliament upon university policies. Were the Labor Party in power, it might well use its control of the purse strings to accomplish radical changes in those ancient institutions. The debate on the recent grants disclosed a strong sentiment in Parliament in favor of giving women equal privileges with men at Oxford and Cambridge. Lord Hugh Cecil, Member for the University of Oxford, objected that segregation of the sexes for educational purposes was indispensable. Young college people

like to be 'pals' with one another, but that is not of any educational value. It is, no doubt, a delightfully easy and recreative relationship, but it does not stimulate the brain, whereas if you get young men shut up with other young men they will discuss all sorts of problems of philosophy, theology, politics, and economics.

I have spent whole Sunday afternoons at Oxford arguing at the top of my voice over the nuts and wine, which I am quite sure I should not have done had the party included some delightful young women students. Their company would be much more pleasant, but less stimulating.

To this a Labor Member replied:—

It strikes me that the Noble Lord does not know what he has lost by not having a pal. At the age of twelve I began working in a mine, and for thirteen years I worked ten hours a day. I was then twenty-five years of age, and fortunately for me there came an opportunity of going to Ruskin

College; and I could not have gone there but for the efforts of one of the best pals I ever had, and she suggested that we should sell every stick we had while I went there.

I suggest that if the Noble Lord had had an experience of a pal of that kind his attitude on this question would probably have been somewhat different. No, sir, no one who has had an all-round experience of life can by the cleverest arguments legitimately exclude women from all the avenues of life commercially, or educationally, or our social life, any more than they have been able to do so politically.

American experience with coeducation in higher educational institutions was appealed to both pro and con.

Mr. Asquith expressed surprise at the 'striking contrast' between the liberal scale of private benefactions to universities in America and the comparative paucity of such benefactions in Great Britain. University salaries are extremely inadequate. The postmaster at Cambridge receives higher compensation than any professor, regius or otherwise, at the University.

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VARIOUS NOTES FROM IRELAND

THE *Dublin Weekly Freeman* congratulates the Irish Free State upon having successfully avoided adding religious dissension to the other troubles that have afflicted it: —

The truth is that the one encouraging feature of all the troubles of Ireland during the past seven years is that, outside the Belfast area, the demon of sectarian passion and religious persecution did not dare to raise its head. It is, in fact, about time that we ceased thinking of the old Irish Unionist Party as a party of a Protestant complexion organized for its own special interest in Irish life. There is a place in Irish life for those who were members of that Party, but it is not as ex-Unionists or as Protestants that they will win their place. President Cosgrove is not President of An Dail because he is a Catholic; nor Lord Glenavy Chairman of An Seanad because he is a

Protestant. Each holds office by the same title, capacity, and readiness to serve Ireland independently of old divisions that have no longer a meaning and are being rapidly obliterated by the real issues of Irish public life.

A Tory article upon Ireland in the *English Review*, which has recently passed under Conservative control, thus explains the rise of some \$12,000,000 in the revenue of the Irish Government: 'The Free State is still collecting the whole of the customs and excise duties paid by Guinness's Brewery, and giving the British Treasury credit on paper for its share — between one half and two thirds of the whole. This extra seven or eight hundred thousand pounds a month helps to keep the Free State pot boiling.'

Referring to the improved conditions in Ireland, the *London Observer* says: —

There is no reason why tourists should not come now in shoals. A man just said to me that in the Wicklow mountains you could leave a Ford car standing where you liked. Changed times, indeed! Those who know the country will notice other changes of course, if they go, for instance, to race meetings. The crowd may be as big, but it is not the same crowd. Possibly the old crowd will be reappearing: I fancy that a lot of our exiles are bored stiff in Devonshire, in Normandy, and other places, attractive in themselves, but unhomely to the Irish-born.

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HOLIDAYS AND HOTELS IN GERMANY

AN interesting sidelight is thrown upon German conditions by an article in the June 17 issue of *Vorwärts*, the Social-Democratic daily of Berlin. It is entitled, *Was fängst du mit deinem Urlaub an?* — 'How Are You Going to Spend Your Vacation?' We quote a single paragraph: —

Every day brings us nearer to the season when special trains will be carrying thousands of children to the seacoast and to the

mountains, some with and some without their parents. And a person who visits our great outing-places before the beginning of the season will learn with astonishment that, in spite of the dizzy fall of the mark and the accompanying rise in prices, their accommodations are already reserved far in advance, and that it is almost impossible to bespeak lodgings for July and August. Many of the prospective visitors are women government clerks, who are the most conveniently situated for taking such outings. The Commercial Employees' Vacation Union provides splendidly for salesmen and salesladies and other workers in mercantile pursuits. It already controls more than twenty summer pensions in all parts of Germany, where its members secure excellent accommodations at prices within their means. . . . Manual workers and their children are provided for by another efficient organization, the Nature Friends, which also has pensions and camps scattered all over Germany.

However, *Vorwärts* says the increase in railway fares and the rising cost of provisions and clothing will make it impossible for thousands of the self-supporting classes to plan outings even on this modest basis. It asks its readers to suggest ways of taking a vacation at a minimum expense.

However, the report made at the last general meeting of the Association of German Hotel-Keepers, held in Hanover, indicated that the hotel business has not been prosperous in Germany during the past year:—

Even in the well-known health resorts conditions are critical. After a fairly good season in 1922, the apparently handsome profits, made chiefly in restaurant and bar business, were reduced almost to naught by the depreciation of the currency, and repairs, and so forth, could not be afforded. The worst pessimists had not foreseen so tragic a state of affairs. During the course of the year most of the hotels were half empty. Even in Berlin hotel traffic has fallen off noticeably, and this state of affairs continued in 1923. Restaurant

trade everywhere is so bad that a number of concerns contemplate closing down. Business often scarcely suffices to cover the costs of lighting and heating. Between 1919 and 1922, one thousand restaurants, or thirty per cent of the total, closed in Munich. In the occupied districts the hotel trade is particularly badly hit.

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BULGARIAN AFTERMATH

STAMBULISKII's overthrow was the signal for a remarkable conversion of the Bulgarian press from respectful and laudatory partisanship to bitter denunciation. So long as the ex-premier was alive, comment upon his personality was moderated by fear that he might recover power, but as soon as news reached Sofia that he had been killed, the press gave free rein to its invective. *Zora* accused him of having tortured those who delivered him from the gibbet: 'Molière could not have found a better man than Stambuliskii to typify his *Tartufe*.' *Radical* said that Stambuliskii 'governed like a despot, and inaugurated an era of violence, terror, robbery, waste, corruption, and debauch.' *Mir* declared that Bulgaria was never before ruled by such a monster, while *Preporets* ascribed to him 'the towering imagination of an Asiatic despot, and the psychology of a boorish parvenu.'

The Sofia correspondent of *Vossische Zeitung* comments thus upon the fallen peasant leader:—

The most fantastic stories are told of Stambuliskii's ambition. He is known to have fixed a definite date for the extermination of his Macedonian opponents and a complete reconciliation with Belgrade, following which he proposed to organize a great South Slav Confederation in which he was to play the leading rôle.

Stambuliskii committed two fatal errors. The first was his fratricidal campaign against the Macedonians. The second was purely one of expediency, and explains why

his peasant followers deserted him. Everywhere along the streets of Sofia, and presumably in other parts of Bulgaria, posters are displayed with the legend: 'Passages from the life of Alexander Stambuliskii.' They contain two photographs, one a picture of bundles of bank notes, Swiss francs, American dollar-bills, Yugoslav money, and Austrian bills, alleged to have been discovered during the search of Stambuliskii's house in Sofia, and amounting to a total of nearly 30,000,000 leva, which he presumably had tucked away as his personal peculium. Another picture appeals to the Bulgarian peasants' strong sense of family honor, which will not tolerate even the suspicion of marital infidelity. Stambuliskii, the idol of the Bulgarian peasant, the apostle of the domestic virtues, is shown at a bathing-resort, disporting himself in the sea with his Cabinet colleague, Duparinoff, the latter's wife and another lady. This innocent beach photograph was fatal to Stambuliskii's reputation as a moral man among the simple-minded peasants.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* is skeptical as to the charges against Stambuliskii, and refuses to see in his death a fatal blow to the policies of the 'Green International.'

Stambuliskii is dead and the Green Rising has no doubt received thereby a serious shock. Yet to-day, Poland has a peasant Premier; Czechoslovakia's Prime Minister is leader of the Agrarians; the Hungarian peasant leader is Minister of Agriculture. In Bavaria the Peasant Party is in power, and in Yugoslavia the Croatian leader, Raditch, is feared and respected as the most formidable element in opposition. In Hungary Bethlen's majority is based on the Peasant Farmers Party. In Yugoslavia out of three hundred and odd seats, eighty-five are in the hands of peasants and agricultural laborers. In the land of the boyars, in Rumania, in spite of the election terror, the peasants have an appreciable number of representatives. And the Bulgarian peasant movement is by no means dead with the fall of Stam-

buliskii. The Whites must reckon with the peasant, and sooner or later will be compelled to seek his favor.

Nothing shows more the popularity of Stambuliskii than the libel campaign conducted against him by his adversaries. The most fantastic accusations have been made against him—that they found twenty-two million leva in his possession, that perfumes to the value of one and a half million leva were found in his possession, and so on. Those of us who have lived through other revolutions know what value to set upon these accusations. They found exactly the same things in Bela Kun's possession. And even Michael Karolyi and his wife were accused in an almost similar way. But why, if the aristocratic dreamer Karolyi had stolen so many millions, was he obliged to live in poor lodgings in his exile in both Prague and Ragusa?

A Croatian paper reports that the Yugoslav Minister of Foreign Affairs charges the Italian Government with having given financial support to the Bulgarian Revolution, to the Macedonian insurgents, and to the discontented Albanians. It is known that considerable purchases of Bulgarian currency have been made at Trieste and Fiume. True or not, the rumor illustrates the intensification of mutual distrust among the Balkan Powers and their neighbors following Stambuliskii's overthrow.

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MINOR NOTES

THERE was exhibited last May in Buenos Aires what South American scientists believe to be a hitherto unknown sea-monster, captured by a vessel some twenty-five miles from the coast near Mar del Plata. According to *La Prensa*, which publishes a picture of the animal, it was at first supposed to be a shell-less sea-turtle, but expert examination shows this is not the case.

It resembles rather an elephant without a trunk, or more properly an

enormous elephant's head with ears almost perfectly identical with those of that animal. It also has some features similar to those of a whale. Its color is brown, the mouth is large and spherical. It is nearly eight feet long, and approximately four and a half feet in diameter. It has two vertical fins behind, one above and one below, remotely suggesting the screws of a propeller. The flesh is almost as elastic as rubber. The weight of the specimen is 800 kilogrammes. It was alive when taken, but offered such feeble resistance to capture that it was supposed to have been suffering from some malady or injury. It was brought to Buenos Aires packed in ice, and later preserved with formaldehyde injections. Italian and Spanish fishermen who viewed it thought they could identify it with fish occasionally caught in the Mediterranean, though the latter never exceed 40 to 60 kilogrammes in weight.

AIR service between France and Africa began on September 1, 1919, with thirty planes, two trips a week being made. In 1920, the first full year of operation, about 182,000 letters were carried. Two years later, the number had risen to 1,407,000. At the present time seventy planes are in operation between Toulouse and Casablanca, with intermediate stops at Barcelona, Alicante, Malaga, and Rabat, the complete trip taking fourteen hours. This year aerial communication has been extended from Casablanca to Fez and Oran. A line will be opened to Tunis. Seven other lines have also been decided upon. They will place almost every important town in North Africa within a few hours' journey of France.

How casually people are hopping around Europe by air is further sug-

gested by a recent day's work of a Daimler Express in the course of ordinary service. Between sunrise and sundown the machine flew from London to Manchester and back, and then from London to Amsterdam and back, altogether a distance of 1000 miles, with the same pilot. The plane was on taxi duty, carrying a load of several passengers each trip.

La Tribuna is immensely gratified at the cordial commendation given Italy's present Fascisti Government by the American Ambassador, on the occasion of a recent meeting of the Associazione Italo-Americano at Rome. It attaches unusual importance to his remarks, because he is 'the representative of American democracy'; and says:—

Probably very few of the gentlemen who were present last evening at Palazzo Salviati expected to hear the Minister of the United States declare that Italy during the last eight months had contributed to the moral progress of the whole world by emphasizing the importance of human courage, discipline, and responsibility. Not only that, Mr. Child . . . specifically pointed out that the great evils that afflict Europe have their origin to a large extent in the misconceived equalitarian humanitarianism of the champions of new social, economic, and international institutions.

THE next Indian elections are scheduled for the coming autumn. The Co-operators, led by Mr. Das, carried a motion through the last All-India Congress Committee against the Non-Coöperators, by a vote of 96 to 71, recommending that the natives take part in these elections. This is thought to be a definite defeat for the policy of boycotting the ballot box. Meanwhile, however, there has been a recrudescence of revolutionary agitation in the central provinces, with a resumption of 'civil disobedience.'

RHINELAND POLITICS

[The publication of the report here quoted, concerning which we comment in the 'Week of the World,' created an incident in Anglo-French press relations. The official character attributed to it by the Observer has been explicitly denied by the French Government; it presumably was compiled from reports written by French subordinate agents, and is reprinted here as a picture of underling intrigue in the occupied territory, not as a document recording the policy of the French Government.]

From the *Observer*, June 27
(LONDON MODERATE SUNDAY PAPER)

'In my previous reports, I have endeavored to describe the successive crises through which our relations with Dr. Dorten have passed since the month of May, 1921, when I was entrusted with the duty of getting into touch with him. At the beginning of 1922, following on a visit to Paris, when the Rhenish politician did not display all the requisite discretion and tact, contact was interrupted for some time. After fairly long negotiations it was resumed under certain conditions. Of these conditions, some were fulfilled almost integrally, the others only slightly or not at all. Things, however, went on indifferently until about the end of February, 1923, when fresh incidents brought about another rupture of relations between the High Commissariat and the Separatist leader, which, although less complete than that of 1922, might, nevertheless, seem more serious.

'After the check of the attempt of June, 1919, Dr. Dorten found himself in a difficult position. Immediately after the Armistice he had known high hopes; in Cologne he had imagined that he was about to realize the ideal which he had long cherished; he had allowed himself to be intoxicated by the support that had been generously offered him by General Mangin. Then disillusionments had come: forced by events and encouraged by badly

informed advisers, he risked the proclamation of Wiesbaden, a pitiful fiasco which had lamentable consequences that nearly proved disastrous. Imperative instructions came from Paris, dictated by those who were striving at Versailles for the conclusion of a treaty, during the discussion of which the most legitimate aspirations of France excited lively opposition. Colonel Pineau, the mediocre Louis XIV of the ephemeral Rhenish Parliament, arrived one day, whip in hand, to inform the man who still believed himself on the eve of a great destiny that his hour had passed.

'The Treaty of Versailles was at length signed; the better to keep France away from the Rhine our Allies had established the Interallied High Commission of the Rhine Territories, on which the representative of France had often to contend alone in order that our most legitimate claims might prevail. In Paris the successors of those who had signed the Treaty, influenced by the fear of seeing France isolated, and apprehensive of the reproach of Imperialism which the German and neutral press were perfidiously casting in France's face, disregarded the Rhenish problem of set purpose. In order to safeguard the future and the safety of their countries, statesmen and ambassadors, men of affairs and influential publicists, would believe only in the

conclusion of an entente with a Germany united and centralized, but sobered by the painful experience of her imperialism — a Germany become pacific and a convert to the democratic ideal. Those who thought such optimism dangerous; those who, looking at Germany closely, considered how long it would take that people to disarm sincerely, who, as a whole, had so long listened with avidity and delight to the golden song of the imperial sirens; those, finally, who believed that the Rhenish pledge would be for many years to come the best means of ensuring the safety of France, perhaps the only one capable of filling, in some measure at least, the Reparations treasury — those, I say, had to display energy, skill, and particularly patience.

‘But while they might succeed in maintaining their point of view, thus keeping in their country’s hand the card which might one day win the game, they were obliged in return to employ circumspection and not to show a desire to influence too directly a game which the partners meant to play in their own way. The Rhineland Separatists, and particularly Dr. Dorten, naturally saw their influence considerably lessened by this state of affairs.

‘Still, while maintaining imperturbably its point of view amid the whirlpool of “Alliance” politics, the French High Commissariat did everything it could do, without bringing itself to grief, to preserve for Dr. Dorten the possibility of action within certain limits. Thus the Rhenish leader was able to live in spite of the Prussians’ threats and attempts upon his person; he was able to get out of the Leipzig prison, in which he was shut up as a result of the most cowardly of ambushes. The High Commissariat succeeded in protecting him from the

exceptional jurisdictions which Prussian bad faith claimed the right to create for him. Thanks to this support, in short, Dorten was able to get his adherents together, maintain their enthusiasm, increase his propaganda, and establish journals. There, however, the help given him had to stop. As if it were some tender liaison which could not be confessed to the world, the High Commissariat was unable to admit officially its collaboration with Dorten.

‘In consequence Dorten, the victim of European politics, but also of his own mistakes, gradually sank to the level of a subordinate agent in French pay. His enemies were only too pleased to find this and, in this anti-Prussian but thoroughly German country, they knew how to make use of this fact as a deadly weapon in influencing Rhenish politics. The reproach of being a slave of the French was thrown in his face and repeated by the thousand voices of the pan-German press. Unfortunately there were found allies, and even ill-informed or ill-intentioned Frenchmen, who spread the same rumor. With great courage Dorten fought against these treacherous attacks. He did not hesitate to drag his enemies before the German courts, and several times he succeeded in imposing silence upon them. At the same time he endeavored to find ground which he might employ as a solid foundation for the prosecution of his activities. He sought — and his effort was undoubtedly interesting — to establish relations between France and the industries of the Rhineland. At Wiesbaden he founded the “Mixed Bureau” and later the “Rhenania Association.” Although supported most energetically by the High Commissariat, these efforts remained unfruitful. The French political wind was blowing in another direction. Dorten endeavored

to connect the Rhenish Separatist movement with the other Separatist centres of unoccupied Germany. He entered into negotiations with Dr. Heim, the king of the Bavarian peasants. The policy at first pursued at Munich by M. Dard, the French Minister — a policy which led to the Federalist Congress of Bamberg — appeared to justify Dorten's efforts. But here again he met with a check. Was he deluded by his Munich friends, or did there really exist a Bavarian nationalism opposed to Prussian and pan-German nationalism? This the future may, perhaps, tell. In any case the Government of Paris closed its ears resolutely to the suggestion of the Rhenish leader, who was obliged to abandon his projects, not without having been attacked in rather a sharp fashion by a section of the French press.

'Another effort made with the Separatists of Hanover, represented by Herr von Dannenberg, the old Guelph partisan, succeeded no better; it was considered in Paris to be badly thought out, badly put forward and almost childish, and it was not prosecuted further. All these checks affected Dorten's mind painfully. None the less he continued to maintain and perfect, within the limits of his means, the organization of his party, the Rhenish People's Union.

'Although since the overthrow of his hopes and the departure of General Mangin he has voluntarily allowed this organization to be shrouded in mystery, and has always exhibited great discretion on the subject towards the representatives of the High Commissariat, it is beyond doubt that during the period from the end of 1918 to the middle of 1919 he had secured masses of adherents, and whole towns, with their municipalities leading them, had sent him testimony of their confidence

in him. He has all these signatures among his records, and when he chooses to make use of them he will be able to bring pressure to bear on many people. But at the end of 1919 the situation had totally changed. Believing that France was irremediably weakened, and that she could no longer do anything but follow docilely the policy of her Allies, Prussia recovered herself; she began the campaign of menace, blackmail, lies, and violence, which for more than three years we have seen developed in the Rhineland. Through her newspapers and her officials she has frustrated, terrorized, and discouraged the population of the region.

'This violent assault did not proceed without seriously breaching Dr. Dorten's position. Moreover, they saw his influence lessened as a result of the checks he experienced at every effort conceived by him, whether in the economic or the political sphere. In proportion as his prestige lessened and he was obliged to seek the support and protection of France, the rumors grew that he was merely the servant of France. He was accused of receiving large sums and diverting them to his own use. There were many who stood aloof from him as from a traitor. Then his obstinacy, his despotism, his abrupt manners, and his impatience of all initiative and independence alienated many who were well disposed. For a time he was on bad terms with his collaborators . . . convinced anti-Prussians compromised by their ideas, who could have rendered him the greatest service.

'But although breached by the Prussians and lessened by the desertion of dissatisfied followers, Dorten's influence had not entirely disappeared. Far from it. In the middle of 1922 after a grave crisis of which I duly told you, he wished to reorganize his party. He remained faithful to the programme

which he had gradually elaborated for the creation of an autonomous federal State within the Reich; but this, as he told me repeatedly, was merely designed to calm the uneasiness of the majority of his followers, who, being anti-Prussian but German, were apprehensive of a disguised French annexation. In Dr. Dorten's mind, such a creation could not last and would soon be replaced by an independent State, with leanings towards France. A supreme committee of management was established; the Rhineland was divided into three districts: the Lower Rhine, Middle Rhine, and Palatinate. In each of these districts a committee was entrusted with the interests of the party.

'What precisely did this party represent? It is difficult to say. Certain persons who have become more intimate with him, and, having no official character, have received his confidences, declare that the organization he directs is much more powerful than is generally supposed. Up to the present Dr. Dorten has endeavored to obtain strong *cadres* composed of people prepared at once to vote in favor of the plebiscite provided for by Article 18 of the Constitution. He maintains that, once this first step has been taken, the immense majority of the population will follow. His propaganda is carried on particularly in the agricultural districts and among the middle classes. I know that he has quite recently made a big effort in the Ruhr, and that he has established a secretariat at Düsseldorf, with which, he says, he is entirely satisfied. He has been able without difficulty to obtain the names of some fifty influential persons who have already agreed to become members of the future Consultative Committee of the Rhine State, and of 300 to 400 persons as future members of an economic

committee. He proposed to show me these lists; I declined for reasons known to you, but other persons have seen them and have assured me of their existence. Moreover, in the course of a conversation with Herr Dahlen, the president of the Lower Rhine committee of management, I was able to obtain some figures. He assured me that in the Aix-la-Chapelle, Düsseldorf, and Cologne districts, he could reckon upon some 10,000 adherents worthy of the fullest confidence. And, moreover, Cologne did not give the full result hoped for, because of the English occupation on the one hand and the remissness and lack of tact of the local delegate.'

The memorandum then summarizes Dr. Dorten's method of procedure. Finding that large committees were inconvenient, and 'favored indiscretions,' he took to summoning only the heads of districts, his 'confidential General Staff,' through whom decisions were transmitted to the lower ranks. His work, it states, is confined to the agricultural and middle classes. Propaganda among the workers might give rise to Socialist counter-offensives. He has, however, relations with the railway centres.

The memorandum continues:—

'His efforts to develop the Separatist press must also be recognized. The *Rheinischer Herold*, *Rheinlander*, and *Republikaner* were printed at his works in Coblenz. It would be unfair to attach too much importance to the saying attributed to him by certain malcontents: "Our papers are not printed for our readers but for Paris."

'In the course of conversation I have had with certain of his trusted men, I was able to see that, while it was recognized that Dr. Dorten has faults which sometimes make his leadership trying, he was none the less regarded as a leader—the only one capable of

bringing the Rhenish movement to a successful issue—and that he was therefore accorded confidence, deference, and devotion. The Prussians themselves recently paid an indirect tribute to his work, when, in December 1922, upon learning that the Rhenish Separatist was about to speak at Bad-Ems for the first time in two years, they concentrated in the small health-resort everything they could find in the way of Nationalist elements. In view of the general political situation we were unable to promise the Separatists that order would be maintained by our efforts, and the demonstration did not take place.'

The third section of the report analyzes what is later described as the 'singularly complicated psychology' of Dr. Dorten. He is credited with energy and power of organization; by way of illustration it is stated that some months before the war he was engaged in constructing for a company a road between London and Brighton. At the same time, he has 'the eclectic tastes of a wealthy amateur,' is the owner of a racing stable, a musician, 'a gentleman in the English acceptance of the term,' nervous, impulsive, ambitious. He is 'very sensitive upon a point of honor,' but capable of stealth to entrap his opponents, of regarding blackmail as normal political conduct, and of brutality towards the vanquished. Like other 'Latins of the Rhine,' he is yet 'scarcely touched by the spirit of Rome.' 'Unquestionably he is fond of France,' but 'he is none the less a German.'

'In the preceding pages I have endeavored to describe the efforts made by two willing parties, the French High Commissariat on the one hand and the leader of the Rhenish Separatists on the other, during many months and according to the extent of their means, to reach their common aim:

the liberation of the Rhineland. One would think that this community of action ought to have created between these two elements an entente both perfect and harmonious. Unfortunately, this was not so. The effervescence caused by M. Poincaré's policy and by the occupation of the Ruhr let loose the crisis which had been slowly formed by a series of misunderstandings dating from far back, and as to which no complete explanations had been given. At the end of February, 1923, the High Commissariat reproached Dr. Dorten with three grave matters: firstly, that the Rhenish leader did nothing to develop the Separatist movement, knowingly exaggerated its importance, and responded to the French effort in the Ruhr by a complete lack of activity in the Rhineland; secondly, that he misused the funds entrusted to him; and thirdly, that he provoked campaigns in the French press which were hostile to the High Commissariat.

'I have sought to prove by certain information collected by myself that Dorten, after the end of 1919, had shown an activity which, though not invariably happy, was nevertheless genuine. In 1922, after a period of discouragement due to the checks of the preceding years, he certainly made a serious effort to reorganize his party. Many of his agents, to my knowledge, showed real energy. Under the leadership of their chief they obtained some undeniably interesting results, though I am not at the moment in a position to give the details.

'That Dorten can have misused the funds entrusted to him by us I cannot believe; he is, in my opinion, thoroughly upright and honest in money matters. Certainly this is a purely personal opinion on my part; I have no real proof to support it, for the budgets Dorten produced to us were too sketchy

for us to draw any conclusions from them. On the other hand, there is no actual proof to the contrary.'

The third count, that of provoking campaigns in the French press against the High Commissariat, is admitted to be 'unfortunately perfectly true.' The report then explains that after 1919 French policy had been limited 'by the facts of the European situation.' Dr. Dorten, however, interpreted the political caution of the French as desertion. It was, in his eyes, 'treason' if French delegates to the Interallied Commission 'avoided compromising themselves too openly with some notorious Separatist in their circle.' He chafed under restraint, resented attacks on his honesty in the Paris press, bewailed his lost prestige, and concluded that the French representatives in the Rhineland were hostile to him. During 1922 he therefore maintained especially close touch with the Nationalist Press and political circles favorable to his aims in Paris.

'With such ideas in his head, it is not surprising that Dorten, when, at the time of the Ruhr occupation, a Smeets entered the lists and gave us the support of his influence and organization, should have taken refuge in almost complete abstention. In my opinion, it was not want of preparation nor of organization; it was a deliberate attitude, to show the lack of confidence which he claimed to feel towards the High Commissariat: "I have no more confidence. You have always abandoned me; you have caused me to lose part of my prestige."

'It would be very vexatious were the misunderstanding which has arisen between the High Commissariat and Dr. Dorten increased or prolonged. For some four weeks, ever since France let it be known that she would use every endeavor to settle the Rhineland question according to her interests,

the situation has changed greatly to our advantage, and the idea of a Rhineland Republic has ceased to be relegated to the rank of a chimera and has entered the domain of probable events. It is industrialists at Aix-la-Chapelle, such as Herr —, who are asking for our support and are manifesting a very definite orientation towards us; it is industrialists and merchants of Mayence, who, till now very circumspect and rather supercilious, are showing obvious symptoms of weariness and giving evidence of definitely Francophile resolutions. The attitude of Cuno exasperates them and the reprisals of Essen have strongly impressed them; it is among the vine-dressers of the Rheingau and the miners of the Lahn Valley that the anti-Prussian spirit is kept up and increases; it is the Nassauers who are agitating and seeking the means of making their traditions respected when the time for the final settlement, the hour for which they feel approaching, shall come. It is certain Catholic circles, strangers to Dorten's or Smeets's policies, but who have not ceased to protest against Prussian atheism and who have embodied their regrets and aspirations in a curious brochure entitled: *Die Deutsche Nation und das Preussentum*. All these people no longer doubt of the foundation of a Rhineland State in a short time. "It will come," they repeat, and they endeavor to fix the boundaries of the new State, as certain members of the Wiesbaden Municipal Council have not feared to do in the Council Chamber.

'Of course the operation will not take place without resistance; workmen deceived by Berlin, and persuaded that in defending Prussianism they are defending their own interests, ex-soldiers with whom memories of the recent war still nourish the hatred of everything which appears to proceed

from France, all these elements react. I do not believe either that Dr. Dorten will rally behind him without opposition all the Rhineland elements. But I do sincerely believe that the prestige which a firm attitude will give us will be such as to disclose anti-Prussian elements whose importance we do not perhaps suspect. On the other hand Dr. Dorten has at command an organization which will be most useful to us; the number of his partisans is not

negligible and is capable of being increased; in spite of his faults, he has the stuff for an organizer and leader. Putting things at their worst, he could provide us with valuable information both regarding the people and the way to treat them. I think it would be a mistake to deprive ourselves of such help. And the more so as he has just burned his boats. In Paris, he defined his policy as being in entire accord with France.'

THE MYTH OF THE RUHR

BY HENRI HERTZ

From *La Revue Mondiale*, May 15
(PARIS CURRENT-AFFAIRS FORTNIGHTLY)

FROM the moment the French and Belgian occupation of the Ruhr began, a large section of public opinion in every country turned against it — as opinion might have turned against any general onslaught whose objects were known in advance. To-day, however, it is becoming increasingly apparent that the occupation is an experiment of a wholly new sort, which is developing far beyond anything at first expected. What is the significance, then, of the strength of this prejudice against measures which, one might have thought, would have escaped opposition?

The military, diplomatic, and economic action of the French and the Belgians went through several phases and even now is going through still others. New changes and new shades in its development appear every day. Rarely has there been a conflict in which so many delicate distinctions

were involved. Yet in spite of all this, one suspicion, one condemnation only, has fallen upon the Ruhr policy. France is accused of wishing to conquer the Ruhr, to lay hold upon a means of vengeance, to dismember Germany and despoil her. Germany's whole propaganda is devoted to forcing the facts, by hook or crook, into this interpretation.

The underlying reason for this initial misunderstanding — which compels the Governments partaking in the occupation to break down a moral resistance as well as the ordinary material difficulties and to wage a war of opinion as well as a war of numbers — arises from the very nature of the Ruhr, from its origins, and from its progress.

You banks of the Rhine, — swarming with gods and heroes and legends, — is your power of fabulous creation never-ending? Science and industry in

their turn have made this district fruitful. The miracles wrought in the Ruhr by their diligence have produced the myth of the Ruhr, and to this Ruhr myth has been added a superstition which at the present moment is a stumblingblock to politics. I know a number of men who have come to the Ruhr determined to disprove these ideas. By endeavoring to draw a drab and dismal picture of the Ruhr, they sought to deprive these ideas of any justification and to show that all this was nothing but abominable exaggeration — a mere product of romantic German pride. After that it was easy for them to extol a so-called 'scrupulous' French policy. Their contemptuous opinion ran the risk of hampering the very cause they hoped to advance the more speedily to its ultimate goal. I do not know whether the French Government in its inner circles has accepted this point of view, though that is possible. In any event the ticklish turn affairs have taken shows that it was a blunder to venture upon too violent a simplification of things, for the myth of the Ruhr represents a definite and important truth.

As the Rhine River makes its way out of its celebrated valley and draws near to the sea, its banks present fewer contours and reliefs. The country, flat and uninteresting, ceases to be picturesque. It seems to be drawing itself away from the great river rather than determining its course. Now, in Germany's continual quest to escape from her restricted territories and to find a way to the sea, these Westphalian plains came to appear to her almost like an arm of the ocean, an immense flat coast where the sea might reach Germany.

The Baltic Sea was a closed sea. Hamburg and Bremen were isolated points, situated too far up their estuaries.

Where could Germany find an equivalent for access to the sea? It was the Ruhr that provided it. After a few years, investigation showed what vast riches were concealed here. Then the whole Ruhr began to bustle with life, with its coal, its shipping, and its harbors. Now Germany began to collect on this territory a huge complex of agencies of production and expansion, that enabled her to look straight out to sea and to measure her strength with those who occupied the sea lanes. Was it not at this very period when the Ruhr was developing, that England began to feel uneasy presentiments as to her rival and that our tragic enmities began? In the Ruhr the Germans were building up a faith, a glory, an ideal. The mingled alarm and admiration of the world showed that this was true. These are facts that one must never forget, for this is the beginning of the myth of the Ruhr.

From these considerations it was only natural for the Germans to believe that for the French to lay hands upon the Ruhr could not be a restricted political manœuvre, but must be an attack upon the very god of modern Germany, and for other nations to believe that such a step implied too much covetousness for any subsequent release of the territory.

It is with this double prejudice that the French and Belgians have to deal to-day. It leads the Germans to hate them and it closes the German mind to all discussion. It subjects us immediately to the suspicion of almost every nation — even those nations that are our best friends. May not the French themselves, once they are in the country, feel the legendary awe of this artificial sea, this marvelous venture of German industry?

The Ruhr represents the 'free' sea to Germany. Once Germany had no 'free' sea, but she made one. She

made a sea of coal — an *ersatz* sea; but a real sea, nevertheless, which has caused the development of maritime cities and a race of sailors. To go from the Rhine up into the Ruhr is to run the whole gamut of German territory. You embark among the islands and the sand bars of a black sea. You visit great arsenals: Essen, Gelsenkirchen, Dortmund, Ruhrort, where men go fishing for coal in the depths of the mines. You feel far from land here, so far in fact that as evening falls an agonized desire comes over you to get back to terra firma. You hate to spend the night in the Ruhr. Mechanically you draw out your watch, longing to return to Düsseldorf or Cologne, as to havens of refuge.

The Ruhr has all the monotony of the sea. The air is breathless, dense, charged with effort. Smut from the coal poisons the paving of the streets, the houses, the foundries, the railway stations, and the churches. Your clothing is full of it. The cities seem to float in it. The factories, plunged up to their chins in mud or flying dust, raise only their smokestacks or brick towers above it. The scattered trees are bent and occasional flocks are stunted as they are on the edge of the sea, and the flat metaled roads look like gleaming dikes washed by the tide.

It is the scene of the labors of an extraordinary race, in whose eyes and faces a man familiar with seacoasts will find something familiar. There is the same pride, the same distrust of the man from the interior, who is the true foreigner — toward outsiders a taciturn reserve, which is on guard but full of curiosity.

On the morning when the occupation began, our party went on ahead of the troops at daybreak. We got some queer looks at Essen. Not much good-will to be sure, but no fanaticism. Our presence interested the inhabitants more

than it offended them. We were unknown travelers who had unexpectedly disembarked. Bursting in as we did, we disturbed the dull and laborious tenor of their lives. Whether we went to the lunchroom at the station or to the post office or anywhere else, alarms were given. People thought that the troops were coming. Gay cries and laughs escaped the lips of girls who were attracted by that charming and yet disturbing guest: *Der Franzose*. At two o'clock the advancing column was announced and a great throng went out to meet it like the rabble on the waterfront. The troops were received as if they were a new crew coming to land on some suspicious coast.

Some time afterward a member of one of the big workers' unions, in discussing the general attitude of the men of the Ruhr basin, said to me: 'Do not be surprised to hear *Deutschland über alles* sung here with as much enthusiasm as in the rest of Germany. It does not mean quite the same thing here. In the Ruhr it is not so much an outburst of vanity as a hymn of pride. It does not mean so much "May Germany be above everything" as it means "Germany knows how to become mistress of everything." 'That is true. People of the Ruhr feel that they represent a race which Germany once seemed to lack, and that by their means Germany has become the freest and most adventurous among nations, overcoming the scantiness of her natural wealth.

The feeling of being in a seacoast district lasts as far as Düsseldorf. There is no illusion about that. On the way back from the Ruhr the Rhine has a magnificent shore adorned with woods and monuments, and Düsseldorf is the refuge where one rests, free from the hubbub of the Ruhr, although the sea of coal reaches even here, from the other side of the big steel bridge

and the muddy flats around Oberkassel; and Düsseldorf itself, seized with some strange fever for departure, becomes an enormous harbor stirred by nomad longings.

Who can see Düsseldorf busy about its day's work and make any mistake as to its nationality? What a model German city! All is work and wisdom. Art expressed in books and prints and pictures, industry expressed in monster engines and smaller objects of manufacture, rival each other; but besides its day's work Düsseldorf has its evenings and its nights. When seven o'clock strikes, Düsseldorf undergoes a change. You will never see any city with so few leisurely pedestrians. Its streets are gangways, along which the people hurry feverishly. Where do they go? Where do they want to go? One might imagine that the fictitious seacoast of the Ruhr haunts them. A new and unknown destination keeps them moving. They yearn to be off.

The cafés are lighted up, dance halls open their lowered shutters, music can be heard offering forgetfulness to the exile. Is that enough? No; for when the pleasure resorts close their doors Düsseldorf is not yet satisfied, for Düsseldorf has not succeeded in achieving a peaceful metamorphosis. Secret resorts are legion. All night long, with drinking and gambling, the unceasing going and coming continues. Foreigners, made fabulously rich by the exchange rates, elbow the Germans. They mingle with them, they may even fraternize. The adventure of the Ruhr possesses them. The magic of the Ruhr unites them. One gets tired of these international nights in Düsseldorf, one is overwhelmed by them; but how significant they are, with their crude familiarity, their brutality without any danger, on the edge of that formidable 'basin,' on the very shore of the German 'sea.'

Such is the aspect that the myth of the Ruhr assumes in the country itself. Is this effect diminished when one approaches it step by step? Quite the contrary, it remains stronger than ever, and mingles confusedly with more positive details; and politics in the Ruhr cannot fail to take it into account.

How far has it been taken into account? Viewed in this light what are the contrasting attitudes of the opposing Governments? The German Government, though it has pretended to make much of the myth of the Ruhr in its most symbolic form, has actually endeavored to minimize the district's peculiar character, which is dangerous to the solidarity of Germany as a whole. The authorities of the French occupation have done just the reverse. Before the world and before Germany they have vigorously denied the German assertion that they propose to defy this myth and to tear the district from Germany. But in practice and as if by instinct they have made clever use of the advantages given them by these peculiar characteristics of the people of the Ruhr, that have begotten the myth of the Ruhr.

In the beginning, when the German Government endeavored to rally the people of the Ruhr to the support of the Ruhr myth, the independent spirit of the Ruhr did not yield to this appeal to romantic patriotism, however flattered the people may have been by the importance assigned them in the destiny of Germany. The hope of a spontaneous strike, of passive resistance, which the German Government fondly held in the first days of the occupation, was vain. The decisions of the workers' councils made at Essen and Bochum in January, and then again in March, were provisional so far as the authorities of the French occupation were concerned, but they were final so far as the German Government

was concerned. Never would the free men of the Ruhr consent to become the tools of the war spirit and of German reaction or the accomplices of the Bavarian *Putsch*. I remember how vehemently they talked in the workers' council at the Krupps Works. 'We are not on your side,' they said, 'but neither are we on the German Government's side. We are weighing you and them in the balance and we shall decide between you.'

Then the German Government, seeing its mistake so far as the people of the Ruhr were concerned, turned its attention to its officials, the police, telephone girls, telegraphers, postal employees, and railway men, employing every means to draw in and compromise in the network of their resistance the hesitating incorruptible pride of the Ruhr.

A diverting disaster, a curiously unexpected result. It was the people of the Ruhr myth who eventually became troublesome to Germany. During four months every trick of the German Government was used to conceal the unsubmitiveness of the people of the Ruhr behind the docility of its own agents: to paralyze the Ruhr transportation system, which was operated by its officials, when it was powerless to make the men of the Ruhr themselves down tools at the mines and factories.

Let it be clearly understood that this distinction between the German officials and the people is not absolute, and that there are fluctuations from day to day. The big business men, with the connivance of the Government, have in certain places been able to get from some individuals in the Ruhr what has been refused by the workers as a whole, but in general a break has been declared between workers and officials, and German policy has as a result come to be a double game.

So far as the world abroad is concerned, so far as public demonstrations and diplomatic manifestations are involved, great emphasis is laid by Berlin on the myth of the Ruhr, on the sacrosanctity of a region where neither customs nor characteristics are German, where the German army has never been popular — a district which therefore cannot be seized as a hostage or taken as a pledge for German debts. On the other hand, where the French occupation and the people of the Ruhr themselves are immediately concerned, every effort is made to eliminate the distinction between Germany and the Ruhr, or between the people of the Ruhr and the officials of the Ruhr, and to reduce the myth of the Ruhr to the commonplace protestations of outraged German patriotism.

Recourse to such a divided policy was an indication of great weakness. The difficulty of reconciling myth and policy, and of maintaining clear and logical relations between them, constituted a dangerous pitfall. Under present conditions one may assume that the German Government has fallen into it. It has pushed its threats and appeals to the limit, has pledged the myth of the Ruhr; it has even exaggerated it at the very same time when, in the district itself, it was minimizing and disavowing it.

The policy of the French and Belgian Governments, without being free from blunders and mistakes, has been far more adroit. They too have used the myth. Compelled to combat its exaggeration outside the Ruhr, they have used it for their own purposes in the Ruhr itself. Although this policy may be responsible for an incident here and there or for the clumsiness of which certain leaders may have been guilty, still there is no denying that the military occupation has not failed in abundant and peculiar tact and delicacy.

The people as represented in the Ruhr myth have been dealt with considerably. Thus they have been kept neutral and have not been forced to take the desperate resort of placing themselves at the orders of the German Government. In the numerous and complicated devices that the French occupation has used to combat the German opposition, the same clever and practical understanding of the Ruhr myth is manifested. The material results have not yet appeared, but undoubtedly prejudice is weakening—not because the myth of the Ruhr has disappeared, but because, emerging from the clouds of abstrac-

tion, thanks to a clever policy, it has taken on another value and a new aspect which conforms more closely to reality. In the beginning the myth was hostile to French policy, but that same policy has assimilated the myth and harmonized it with its own aims.

The opposite result has followed German policy. The Germans have preferred to treat the myth of the Ruhr as something foreign, whether they magnified it for effect abroad, or minimized it to serve their policy at home. That is why their chance of profiting by the Ruhr myth, even for the advantage of the new Germany, is lessening every day.

SCENES FROM A DECAYING SOCIETY. I

[The following extracts are selected from the diary of a Moscow lady of German descent, who sought Rasputin's aid to prevent the exile of her relatives during the war.]

FROM *Sovremennya Zapiski*, January-February 1923

(PARIS RUSSIAN NON-BOLSHEVIST LITERARY AND POLITICAL BIMONTHLY)

March 15, 1915. — An unexpected misfortune — a letter from my sister. She writes: they want to send our mother into exile. She is already old, in need of care. What a monstrous thing is war! They remember that she is a German subject born in Russia, and want her to leave Kief where she has lived for decades. A similar fate awaits my sister in Moscow. M. A. advises me to appeal to Rasputin. I have heard much about him; he governs all Russia; no matter of State is decided without him. . . .

March 25, 1915. — When I walked in all were at table. I knew Rasputin at the first glance: he wore a fine em-

broidered loose shirt of white silk. A dark beard, a face that seemed to express habitual astonishment, deep-set gray eyes. These eyes struck me. They bore into one as if they sought to search one's soul to the very bottom, and they are so sharply insistent that one feels uneasy. They made me take a seat next to him. He looked at me closely and attentively, then, without further ceremony, handed me a glass of red wine and said: 'Drink.' He addresses everybody, young and old, as 'thou.' After this he bade me: 'Take paper and pencil and write.' Just as shortly as that. Several hands were instantly stretched in my direction with paper and pencils. I began to write:

'Rejoice in simplicity. Woe to the restless and the vicious — the sun does not shine for those. Forgive me, Lord, I'm a sinner, I am worldly and my love is worldly. Lord, who workest miracles, give us peace. We are Thine. . . .'

Everybody listened reverently while he dictated. One elderly lady whispered to me: 'You are lucky. He noticed you at once and took you to his bosom.'

'Thou, take this and read — read with thine heart,' Rasputin told me, and began talking with the others. The conversation turned to the war.

'Eh, if there had n't been that attempt on my life — there would be no war,' he said. 'I would n't have let the Emperor. He obeys me well — and I would n't permit him to fight. What good is the war to us? See what will come of it yet. . . .'

After lunch we passed to the drawing-room.

'Play *Po ulitse mostovoi*,' he suddenly ordered. One of the ladies present sat down at the piano and played. Rasputin rose, began to sway in time with the music, to stamp his feet in their soft boots, and then to dance. He moved with unexpected ease and grace, flying about the room like a feather, hopping up and down in a *prisiadka*, drum-beating the floor with his heels, and beckoning to the ladies for a partner. Presently one of the ladies came out making the formal little steps and waving her white handkerchief over her head. No one looked at all surprised. This impromptu dance after lunch seemed a matter of course.

'Now it'll do,' he said, and turned to me again: 'And thou hast come on business, is that it? Well, come, little one, tell me what thou wantest, dear.'

We went to another room and I told him my troubles.

'It's a difficult matter,' he said.

'You can't talk about Germans these days. But I'll speak with *her* (this last word he pronounced with especial emphasis, after a pause), and *she* will talk with *him*. Maybe something will come out of it. But thou must come to see me in Petrograd. I'll tell thee about it when thou comest.'

March 27. — M. A. telephoned me that Rasputin was leaving for Petrograd and wanted me to see him off at the station. When I arrived, he stood before his first-class coach, surrounded by ladies. The public around recognized him. People stopped to stare curiously at him. Yes, his fame is far and wide. To my immense embarrassment he put his arms around me and said:

'Thou must come to see me in Petrograd. I'll do all I can for thee, but be sure to come. Remember, if thou dost not come, nothing will be done for thee.'

He kissed us all and left. . . .

September 12. — . . . I have been in Petrograd twice but did not go to see Rasputin. His scandalous notoriety is growing and growing, and I confess I fear to meet him. . . . But I have decided to see him once again. Perhaps I can do something for my mother.

September 17. — I am in Petrograd. M. A. asked me not to telephone Rasputin the first day, as she had an important errand to do, and he would bid us come immediately if he knew we were here. I was alone in her rooms. Telephone. Somebody asked for M. A. I said that she was out, and heard a voice I remembered well, with those drawing intonations of his:

'Is it thou, Frantik?' (He gave me this nickname.) 'Thou art in Piter and have never called; why so? Come right away, immediately. I'm waiting.'

I did not know what to do. I disliked to go alone and telephoned M. A. She said nothing could be done now except to go immediately. Otherwise he would be so furious that I should obtain nothing. So she hurried back quite upset. 'Now,' she said, 'we'll hear reproaches. He always demands exceptional attention, and is very touchy. I know him.'

A man whom M. A. knew called at this moment and upon learning that we were going to see Rasputin, asked us to take him along. We agreed, but told him he would have to wait in the automobile outside, and not come in until we had secured permission for him to see the famous 'elder.'

We went to number 64, Gorokhovaia Street. Rasputin was in the dining-room, sitting between his two daughters. He met us with reproofs: why had I not called on him before, why had I concealed my arrival in Petrograd? When he is peeved, his features grow sharper, his eyes darken, and he resembles a beast of prey. But soon his humor improved, and he became quite merry. His wrinkles were gone, his eyes shone with mischievous goodwill and amiability. His face is amazingly mobile and expressive. M. A. thought it a proper moment to ask if our friend down in the car could come up to see him. Like a flash Rasputin boiled over with ungovernable wrath. His face became yellow, his eyes glistened gloomily and viciously, and he shouted in a rough voice:

'Ah, that's why thou didst not want me to know thou wert here. Thou camest here with thine own man from Moscow. Thou art fine. Came here to ask a favor of me, and brought thine own man. Could n't part from him. So that's the kind thou art? I'll do nothing for thee. Go away. I have my own ladies who love me and favor me. Away, away,' he shouted, and ran to the telephone.

We were dumbfounded. Meanwhile he called someone over the telephone, and was already saying in a nervously vibrating voice, losing his breath:

'Dearie, thou art free now, art thou? I'm coming to thee. Thou art glad? Well, wait, I'll be there on the spot.'

He hung up the receiver and looked at us in triumph.

'I don't want any Moscow women. No. My Piter ladies are better than you from Moscow.'

September 18. — What was my amazement when early in the morning I heard Rasputin's soft voice over the telephone, saying: 'Darling, don't feel hurt at what happened yesterday. I waited for thee so long. I thought thou hadst come to see me, and thou broughtest a man! I felt so hurt, and I got furious. No, no, don't hang up the receiver. Listen to me. Now I know just how he happened to be there, M. A. told me. Come to see me at once, and stop being angry.'

I said that I was not coming, that I could not get over his behavior. Then he said that he was coming to me himself. And indeed, in an hour's time he was at our house. He was very meek and amiable, apologized, asked me to forget. But he did not seem embarrassed at what he had done the day before. I felt that he did not even understand why we felt hurt. There is something so primitive in that man, so foreign to our ways of thinking, that it is impossible to cherish anger against him. Undoubtedly, he is intelligent and cunning, but at the same time he is a savage who knows no bounds for his desires. I smiled at my own thoughts. He understood that I did not feel irritated any longer, and his face shone.

'That's good. Thou hast a simple soul, a light one, thou art a good one of mine, as I look at thee. Now show me

that fellow whom thou hadst with thee yesterday.' And there was an indescribably mischievous look in his eye. T. entered, and Rasputin kissed him. After lunch a few other men came. Rasputin again became gloomy. He called M. A. aside and said to her:

'Why do you call all these hawks together?' — He calls all men 'hawks.' Whereupon he went out to another room, where he saw M. A.'s chamber-maid and began to complain to her, as she told us later:

'I feel so hurt. Why does thy mistress surround Frantik with hawks? They all look at her so. . . . She came to Piter to see me, and they flock here from all sides. . . . I want to help her, only let her be with me and not with the others.'

The maid said he began to weep. 'So strange it was, ma'am. He talked so movingly, and tears dropped and dropped. "Why do you upset yourself so?" I says, I felt so sorry for him. And he — "I feel hurt, dear, I feel hurt," and he beat himself on his chest. I's so sorry for him, ma'am, so sorry. . . .'

Rasputin did not join our guests again and left. He invited me to his house on Sunday, saying:

'Thou wilt see, Frantik, how they love me and esteem me. Not like you Moscow women!'

September 19. — A numerous company, exclusively women, was in his dining-room. Silks, fine cloth, sable, chinchilla, diamonds of the purest water, fine aigrettes; and right among these the faded headkerchief of some very humble old woman in a shabby dress; an old-fashioned coiffure of a small-town matron; and a Sister of Mercy in her white linen veil. The table was set modestly, but covered with flowers. Rasputin took me by the hand and presented me to the whole company:

'This is my favorite one, Frantik, from Moscow.'

Everyone greeted me respectfully and amiably. I was offered a seat next to the Sister of Mercy, whom they called Kilina. Only later I learned her first name and patronymic, Akulina Nikitishna, and also the fact that she was a former nun who had left her convent for Rasputin, followed him everywhere, and lived in his house. They offered me a cup of tea, and I was about to reach for the sugar-bowl when Kilina took my cup and said to Rasputin: 'Bless, Father.' He took a piece of sugar out of the bowl with his fingers and put it into my tea. 'It's Lord's blessing when the Father puts your sugar in with his own fingers.' And, indeed, everybody piously handed him their cups, for him to put in the sugar.

My attention was caught by a young girl, not beautiful, a plump blonde, very modestly dressed, without any ornaments or jewels. Her eyes were fixed upon Rasputin with an expression of boundless ecstasy. She followed every smallest move of his, and loyalty and adoration transformed her every feature. 'Who is this girl?' I asked Kilina in a whisper. She proved to be the maid of honor of both the young and the old Empress, familiarly called Munia, a favorite of Rasputin. Her mother was present — a very important-looking lady who gazed at Rasputin with as much admiration as did her daughter.

'Ah, there is Duniasha. Come on, come on and join us,' said Rasputin as his elderly waiting-maid entered the dining-room. I learned later that she was his distant relative and wielded great influence in his household. The ladies shifted about, making room for her. 'Here, Duniasha, sit down here,' was heard from all sides. 'Sit down, we'll work for you now and you take a rest.' One of the ladies, a fetch-

ing brunette, began to clear the table. 'Baroness K.,' Kilina explained to me. Another lady in a dress of fine purple velvet and a stole of gorgeous sables rose and began to rinse the teacups. It was Princess D.

Whenever the doorbell rang, Munia jumped up and ran to the door. In the anteroom she took off the visitors' coats and overshoes. 'Munia,' Duniasa said to her, 'the samovar is almost empty. Go and fill it, and add some coals.' Munia jumped up quickly and carried away the samovar, accompanied by her mother. Presently the doorbell rang again and in fluttered — I cannot use another word — a slender young girl in a faultless cloth dress. She walked fast, nay, she flew, or even danced as she walked. Everything shone and sparkled on her: jewelry, bangles, some queer tiny golden daggers on her belt and on her collar, and her eyes glistened with unnatural light. She was hastily pulling a glove off her hand, and I smelled a fine, unfamiliar perfume. She precipitated herself toward Rasputin. He put his arms around her and she warmly kissed his hand.

'Father, Father,' she began to talk in a ringing voice, overjoyed, smiling with a strange, happy, and at the same time distracted smile. 'Thou told me to look at the world with different eyes, and my soul is so joyous and peaceful now. Father, thou knowest,' and she gazed at him in an ecstasy, 'I now see the blue sky, and the sun, and I hear the birds singing. How wonderful, how wonderful, Father. . . .'

'Thou seest; I told thee thou must see with different eyes. Obey me and everything will be well.'

He kissed her again. She laughed with joy and kissed his hand. I could not cease wondering at this amazing girl. It seemed to me that she was not fully conscious of her surroundings and

floated somewhere far off amid her own dreams. I learned that she was the daughter of a Grand Duke. Her visit seemed to add to the electricity of the atmosphere. Talk and laughter became louder. The women began to rise often and to approach Rasputin, to gaze into his eyes and to kiss his hand.

'Thou seest, Frantik,' he told me, 'how we live here in Piter. I overjoy them all with the light of love. Sweet is the life of those that love me.'

Someone suggested a song. Kilina had a high soprano voice; Rasputin accompanied her in his low and pleasant voice, and others joined in. Later they began singing psalms. A strange, solemn atmosphere was created. I myself felt unusually keyed up. Two bright pink spots appeared on the cheeks of the young Grand Duchess; her eyes gazed radiantly in the distance, her whole countenance expressed an acute happiness bordering on pain. And Munia — she looked as if she were listening to the music of paradise. Suddenly the doorbell interrupted our singing. A gorgeous basket of flowers was brought in, together with a dozen embroidered silk shirts of different colors — a present from some lady. Rasputin made a sign to Kilina to put these things aside, but the singing somehow could not go on. A talk on religious subjects was started.

'Humiliate yourselves,' he admonished. 'Simpler, be simpler, nearer to God. All these artifices of yours are not necessary. You're cunning, all of you, my little ladies, I know you. I read in your souls. Too cunning you are!'

And suddenly, without any transition, he began to sing a Russian dance-song. Several voices instantly followed him. He made a sign to the young Grand Duchess, and she stepped out to dance, with that same ecstatic and somewhat distracted smile. She danced lightly

and gracefully. Rasputin, his arms akimbo, began to dance with her, but this time he did not dance as willingly as when I saw him before, and gave it up as suddenly as he started. Some of the ladies began taking leave, and I thought of doing so but changed my mind when a woman entered who excited my curiosity greatly. She wore a plain unbleached canvas dress of a queer cut, a white convent headdress that came down to her eyebrows, and around her neck were hanging a number of tiny booklets with crosses on their covers — the Twelve Gospels, as I was told later. She walked in, bowed deeply to Rasputin, then to us, and kissed his hand. She whispered something to him. Whenever she heard anyone talk loudly, she would look up reprovingly, even angrily, and finally said:

'Here, at the Father's house, everything must be solemn, as in a church.'

'Let them alone,' Rasputin said, 'let them be merry.'

'Carry mirth in your heart,' she continued pitilessly, 'but show more humility outside. That will be better.'

All were leaving now. They kissed his hand, and he put his arms around each caller and kissed her on the lips. 'Biscuits, Father,' they begged. And to each he gave a piece of dried black bread, which they wrapped in pieces of paper or in their perfumed handkerchiefs, and put them into their hand-satchels. Duniasha exchanged a few whispered words with some of the ladies, left the room, and returned with two small bundles which she gave to them. I learned to my consternation that these were worn and unwashed garments of the 'Father's' underwear which they begged Duniasha to secure for them. 'Real unwashed, Duniasha,' they begged her — and they wore it afterwards. In the anteroom Munia helped the ladies with their coats and

overshoes. One of them objected to having her do this; but Munia said with deep conviction: 'The Father teaches us humility,' and obstinately took the lady's foot and pulled the overshoe over it. When we walked out I asked one of the ladies about the woman in the coarse linen dress with the Twelve Gospels.

'It's the wife of General L.,' I was told, 'formerly a follower of the monk Ilidor. Now she esteems Rasputin a saint. She sleeps upon bare boards, with a log for a pillow. Her relatives begged the Father to send her a pillow of his own, because she tortured herself so. Well, she agreed to sleep with his pillow. A saint!'

I felt that I was leaving a Bedlam. I understood nothing. I shall get away from Petrograd as soon as possible, even though my petition is not granted.

September 20. — In the morning he telephoned again and invited me to call. I said that I had received a telegram and must go home.

'How then about thy business, dearie?' he said. 'Nothing will come of it if thou goest. Know that.'

I decided to drop in to take leave of him. In his dining-room I found the Princess Sh., a woman of startling beauty, with deep black eyes. He was eating fish, and she peeled a potato for him with her long, slender, pointed fingers, with mother-of-pearl nails. I never saw hands of such perfect beauty — unless on the canvases of the old Italian masters. She kept him supplied with potatoes; he took them negligently, never looking at her, never thanking her. She kissed his shoulder and his sticky fingers with which he ate his fish. I have heard a good deal about the Princess Sh., who has left her husband and children and has followed Rasputin now for four years.

He started talking to me as if she was

not there at all. I felt embarrassed. After a while she asked him to go with her to his study, as she had to talk to him in private. But he continued to act as if she were not present. When she left the room for a minute, I asked him to talk to her, to do it for my sake. He made a sour face, and obeyed. But in five minutes they were back from the study — he looked angry, she had tears in her eyes; she kissed his hand and left.

'Why are you so unkind to her?' I asked.

'I used to love her very, very much,' he said, 'but now I don't. She does not give me any peace now — asks me to make her husband a minister. And how can I make him a minister, if he is a blockhead? He is n't good for the job.'

I wanted to use this opportunity to ask a few questions about his relations with the Court and his influence there. I was very curious about this, but he clearly avoided talking about it.

'Can you make him a minister if you want to?' I asked.

'That's not much of a matter. Why not, if he only had a head upon his shoulders?'

'But,' I said jokingly, 'do all the ministers really have one?'

'Cases vary,' he answered laughingly, and instantly turned the conversation.

'Well, Frantik,' he said presently, 'let's go to my study now. They inter-

fere with us here all the time — telephone and all. Niurka,' he called out to someone, 'if there's a telephone, say I'm not at home.'

I followed him reluctantly. He took me by the hand and wanted to put his arms around me. I repulsed him, and he said reproachfully:

'Thou art afraid of me, I know; and look at my Piter ladies, how they love me.'

When I asked him about my business, he said:

'I'll do all for thee, dearie, but thou must obey me and please me. Agreement is the main thing. If thou dost as I wish — the business will be all right. If not — nothing will come of it.'

I made believe that I did not understand his hints, and kept saying that I must return to Moscow that same day.

'That's all right. The business can wait. Thou wilt come back and wilt come to me — we'll arrange everything.'

His eyes glowed so that I could not bear to look at them. I felt afraid. I wanted to rise and run away, but something held my members with an iron grip — I could not rise.

'Telephone from Tsarskoe Selo,' the voice of Niurka sounded behind the door. He made me a sign to wait for him, and went out. I hastily jumped up and left and made a resolve never to stay alone with him again.

ETNA — THE FIRE MOUNTAIN

BY EMIL LUDWIG

From *Pester Lloyd*, June 15

(BUDAPEST GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

It is like meeting a genie to confront Etna for the first time; and even he who has known the mountain from childhood never ceases to admire its imposing dimensions. In truth, men might well call it 'father' as the Negroes of East Africa do their snowy volcano, Kilimanjaro. We were in the middle of our journey to the eastern coast, passing through green meadows embosomed among the stern, granite outriders of the mountain, which carry concealed villages on their shoulders, when suddenly the gentle lines of his white summit disclosed themselves to our vision in the distance like a transparent veil floating above his violet buttresses. I was conscious of a thrill of secret perturbation such as I have occasionally felt, when meeting for the first time some great man — seeking to fix the reality of his greatness in my mind before it was obscured by the pettiness of every day.

So an *accelerando* swept over me in our rattling railway-carriage, while my eyes reposed on the ripening grain of the broad mountain-valley rippling away to the western sun. I had faith only in my inner vision, not in what I saw when I lifted my gaze, until His Majesty suddenly reared his white, powerful, and yet gracefully contoured summit high above the nearer heights, as if to say: 'I am. Perhaps you can see now.' By this time my eyes could dwell at leisure upon the gradually receding slopes of his low pyramid. He was still far away, like a thing of promise. A few moments later, harsh

callous intervening foothills shut out the vision.

When he came into view for the third time I could detect a thin white cloud poised cushion-like upon his summit. It was the heat of his hidden, snow-buried heart, hovering like a misty crown over his brow, as if to shield the perfect purity of his summit from the overbold gaze of a curious world.

Lonelier, loftier, more masterful, the great wedge towered above the plain. His flanks seemed to stretch endlessly in each direction, as if to hold men at a distance from his serene summit. I could now see that one of these vast buttresses ultimately lost itself in the blue sea. By this time the cloud on the summit was turning pink, and the white peak glistened like metal against the transparent, greenish background of the eastern sky. The foothills and villages at his feet seemed to hover in the evening mist. Like something unreal, and yet divine, he withdrew from us in failing light, wrapping his great shadows silently about him, while we plunged into the noise and turmoil of every day at the port of Catania.

Step by step as we ascend the flora changes, as it does on Kilimanjaro, which Etna constantly recalls. The visitor rides silently in the burning heat from the endless contours of the coast to the warm vinelands of Nicolosi. He stares astonished at the mule trains descending from the summit with their burdens of new snow, wrapped in green leaves, hastening to cool the parched

lips of the Catanians. At the edge of a brown lava stream, more than three thousand feet above the sea, we come to a forest of gigantic broom-trees, such as Leopardi sang. The cool shade of these tropically luxuriant plants chills the rider. Ancient crumbling extinct craters keep our animals constantly on the alert. Our route is indicated by copper-red and violet-red strata left from some bygone eruption. On a volcanic plateau six thousand feet or more above the sea we abruptly come upon the Observatory and a little cluster of buildings around it.

From every direction the winds of the three seas boisterously caress the lonely mountain. As yet the warm glow of midday rests on man and beast. But when evening comes we shiver before a tiny fire, wrapped in our woolen blankets, though it is August and this is Sicily.

At 2 A.M. we renew our journey. Our lanterns throw flickering lights upon the red-black lava, which crumbles treacherously under our feet as we approach the crater. In the east, the violet of the heavens begins to pale and quivering premonitions herald the approaching glow of dawn. A moment later a ruddy glow flashes across the lava field and flushes the face of our guide. Ah, the bitter chilliness of dawn at the three-thousand-metre line!

We can now hear sullen, throbbing rumblings in the crater above. Our feet sink in a soft warm lava ash. A fine light smoke-vapor marks the points where our feet have passed. After five minutes or so we become accustomed to this phenomenon and regard the little whiffs of smoke as familiar messengers

of the playful mountain spirit beneath.

The crater! At first we are blinded by the glow released by the surmounted crater wall. Then we gaze into the abyss below us. The fiery orifice constantly hurls forth small fragments of lava. It yawns at our feet like a huge chimney, sheer and steep, and its missiles are hurled forth as by some subterranean artillery. Far down we catch the glare of molten lava, like the gleaming eyes of lurking demons. I shall never shake off my first impression that diabolical monsters were feeding this fire-fountain in which the stars are never reflected.

Our ears are deafened with the constant roar and rumbling of Vulcan's underworld. Our vision labors expectantly to pierce its gloom. Tiny, yellowish-white fragments of sulphur shower about us. We lift our eyes to where, far beyond and below us, a half-sphere of gold hangs on the horizon. In a moment it has rounded itself into a brazen shield, poises an instant at the surface of the water, and rises a new sun. The sea seems to be climbing skyward, and with the strengthening light Calabria, Malta, the Æonian Islands emerge from nothingness, and in the remote distance glimmers the dim bluish outline of the African coast.

Our guide turns away silently, and we follow him. A gigantic pyramid lies outlined on the lava at our feet, extending into the far-off water. It is the sunrise shadow of Etna, the lonely giant. So, Buddha says, great men cast the shadow of their misdeeds and their evil thoughts across the land — darkening a greater area in the same measure as they are the more highly placed.

A NIGHT AT LINGUAGLOSSA

BY SANTI SAVARINO

From *La Tribuna*, June 26
(ROME LIBERAL DAILY)

THE little café at Linguaglossa makes an effort to be up-to-date. Behind the bar the proprietor has arranged in a glass case lines of bottles containing red, green, yellow, and various colored liquors. We order a cognac.

'It is not yet delivered.'

'Well, then, let us have a *strega*.'

'Sorry, but we have none.'

'Then a vermouth.'

'It is ordered, but for some reason has not got here. We can give you *savóre*.'

'Bring that, then.'

It is not bad, but . . . In front of us stands a big mirror, and above it a portrait of Mussolini. It does not look like him — one eye is higher than the other, he has the nose of an Apollo, and the half-smiling, half-scowling face of a boy of twenty years. God forgive the artist who painted it! On the table that holds the mirror, at either side, are two terra-cotta busts, one of the Divine Poet, and the other of his master, Vergil — a mythological Vergil, with a handsome, ardent boy's face, with cheeks of peaches and cream and eyebrows that would better befit his Lollia. His brow is crowned with a wreath of gilded laurel to show he is a poet.

The proprietor is most polite. He offers us coffee, and tells us all the news. Business is not bad — indeed it is very fair, and promises soon to be better. He has seen the King, and is greatly impressed, for it is not an ordinary thing to see royalty only a couple of steps away. Mussolini is coming. He intends to welcome him with enthusiasm because

he says, quoting the legend at the foot of the portrait that hangs above us, Mussolini is 'the savior of his fatherland.' Finally, he offers us some biscuit of his own invention. He calls them 'bersaglieri,' and they are really excellent.

Outside a steady stream of humanity continues to flow past the door and up the mountain. We watch it go by. What base instincts lurk in the obscure labyrinths of the human heart! Why do men make a festival of such a tragedy? Why are these gentlemen laughing and chatting and wearing bizarre tourist hats with artificial flowers? The anathema of the prophet upon the city that was to be destroyed echoes in my ear — *E il satiro vi ballerà*. Perhaps we cannot realize the disaster unless it is punctuated by some dominant note — unless a cricket chirps in the deserted home, or vultures sweep over the corpses on the battlefield, or a single survivor lifts a cry of agony from the earthquake's ruins.

To-day — this very day — such a survivor was discovered, a raving maniac, in the little home he had built at Catena Vecchia. Soldiers were clearing the houses that the lava was about to engulf. Upon entering one of these, they found an old man crouching on a big stone in a dark corner. He was weeping and laughing. When he saw them he asked: 'Is it here?'

'Is what here?' asked the soldiers.

'The lava.'

'But get out! The house will fall in a minute.'

'Let it fall.'
'And die?'
'And let me die.'
'You're mad.'
'Let me stay.'

They had to carry him away by force. The old man resisted violently, shouting that he was his own master, he could die if he wished, that they should leave him, that his days were numbered, that he was doing no harm and they had no right to stop him. He pleaded to be allowed to return to the home he had built with the *soldi* that he had saved one by one from the scant earnings of so many years. His back was bent with tilling his little farm. He had bedewed it with the sweat of his own brow. They were robbing him. He should at least be allowed to wait and say good-bye. And as the lava crept forward inch by inch, with a refinement of cruelty, over his little property, he screamed vengeance against God.

When they put him on a truck to take him away, the old man kept gazing back at the lava that was already pressing over the walls of his little home and shouting, '*Ah! infami!*' Then he sank down in a half stupor, muttering: 'Rosa, we won't see it again.' Rosa was his wife, who had died a few years before.

But nevertheless, the crowd of curious spectators flows on, chatting and laughing.

Venerando Motta, an old man seventy years of age, who had set up shopkeeping after thirty years in service, likewise watched the lava bury the house that he had built with his meagre savings only four months before. His little home vanished, stone by stone, and Venerando Motta watched for more than half an hour the slow destruction of all he owned. When the walls finally crashed in and the roof beams, projecting a moment, waved their lurid messages of fire toward heaven, the old man raised his voice

in accusation against the mountain: 'What have you done, assassin?'

The lava slowly encircled the little station of Castiglione. The keeper's red cottage was empty. Only one living thing still lingered in the vicinity. A black and white spotted dog. He refused to move when the neighboring sheds were overwhelmed, when the human occupants of the cottage fled, when his own master sadly dragged himself away from the home he was never to see again. The faithful watchdog remained on guard, lest strolling vagabonds—there are so many of them in this world—might try to profit by his master's absence. Stretched in the middle of the room where the latter's desk stood until yesterday, he refused to budge. Death crept steadily nearer. A group of boys tried to drive him off. They threw stones at him. He would not move, but watched them with suspicious eyes. The lava had stealthily crept completely around the building. One wing began to burn. Fragments fell from the roof. At length the faithful dog disappeared without a sound, under the ruins of his master's home.

The night is full of miracles. The stars shine brilliant in the heaven. The serene majesty of the sky above seems strangely out of harmony with the fiery torment close at hand.

This is a typical witches' Sabbath. A horde of red gnomes rushes down the mountainside. A weird jazz-band rhythm can be detected in the crash and tumult of the advancing flow. The mad saraband, excited by infernal powers, at length crashes against the barriers of this Satan's dance-hall, overthrows them with a crackling roar, and pushes on, lighting its way with the torches of the flaming trees that vainly block its path.

What a fantastic vision! What marvelous fireworks! The lava creeps

around the bases of the trees, driving the sap up the trunks until it exudes from all the twigs and branches in pearly jewels turned silver and ruby by the lurid fire below. But this lasts only a moment, then the branches twist in agonized spirals, and, bursting forth into a sudden blaze, are consumed in a scintillating shower of sparks and embers. We see the spectators breaking branches from the trees in the path of the advancing lava, to carry off as souvenirs. A strange procession this, that after enjoying its fill of the spectacle winds down the mountain paths toward Piedimonte, bearing aloft green trophies.

Dawn. Swallows circle close to the slowly advancing death-line. They are seeking their trees, their nests, and are bewildered to find them no longer here. They circle and crisscross swiftly in an ecstasy of trepidation. Some, in a sort of delirium, plunge directly into the clouds of smoke, returning a moment later with plaintive cries.

So, over the ruin and desolation that the mountain has wrought, the rising sun hears only the laments of the swallows — the anxious calling of these humble and beautiful creatures that St. Francis loved.

For men have lost the power to weep.

MUSSOLINI'S ITALY

BY V. B.

From the New Statesman, June 30
(LONDON LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

IN Italy, even more than in France, the comic papers are the best political barometers. It is, therefore, important that Rome's chief humorous weekly always portrays, in the company of a large Mussolini, a small and insignificant God Almighty. If the Fascist leader strides over the corpse of Liberty he is followed, with difficulty, by the 'Padre Eterno'; if we see Mussolini on a bicycle, there, by his side, is a small, overheated God; at one time the Eternal Father was even given a pair of spats, since Mussolini himself wears spats! The respective importance of these two figures is certainly irreverent, but it is just as certainly representative of Mussolini's own opinion of himself

and of the opinion of Mussolini held by some millions of Italians.

Let it be said at once that the Prime Minister has achieved much since the October revolution. There are fewer trains, but they are much better run; there are no longer thousands of men doing unnecessary police work; there are no strikes and but few disturbances; and one hopes and believes that the old gang of politicians has been swept out of power forever. In Rome itself there is even some show of traffic regulation, and throughout the country the posts and telegraphs are more reliable — despite a certain tendency on the part of Mussolini's enemies to 'ca' canny' in order to make his régime unpopular.

The reduction and reform of the bureaucracy is useful, but it would have been more useful still had not the money saved in the other ministries been spent by the War Office on the new Fascisti National Militia, and had useful State employees not been dismissed in many cases to make room for less competent Fascisti officials.

So much for Mussolini's achievements. But his failures must also be noted, even though the censorship renders this task difficult for newspaper correspondents living in Italy. The Prime Minister is too honest to conceal his contempt for liberty, but there is even less liberty than his speeches would imply. There are now only three important Liberal papers left in Italy — the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan, the *Stampa* of Turin, and the *Mondo* of Rome — for Fascist money has now bought the *Secolo* of Milan in order to give Mussolini one more weapon against the *Corriere* and its proprietor, Senator Albertini. The disappearance of the freedom of the press is all the more amazing when one remembers that even the *Corriere della Sera* is not an opponent, but merely a critic, of the present Government. Nobody desires the downfall of Mussolini, for chaos would then be almost inevitable. Mussolini has initiated his experiment, and every lover of Italy must hope that he will be able to carry it through, however many enemies he makes in the process. The necessity for drastic measures at the end of last year was terribly evident. That Mussolini's measures are drastic is certain. But his real test has yet to come.

Two instances will suffice to show the dangers with which the country is faced — dangers which are nearly as great as those they have replaced. It will be remembered that Mussolini endeavored to solve the problem of Fascismo by disbanding Nitti's *Guardia*

Regia and by introducing the Fascisti National Militia in their stead. The members of this militia swear allegiance to the head of the Government but not to the King; in other words, they support one political party only, but the cost of their upkeep has to be borne by the whole State. At first they were ill-disciplined and careless of the welfare of the country. Now, ex-army officers have been brought in to command them and they have become, for the time being, inoffensive. But the army is jealous of this organization, and army officers are indignant to see their former juniors obtaining better appointments than their own in an organization which is, in a way, a rival concern, in that it obeys the orders of the Prime Minister rather than those of the King. The possible dangers of this militia are too obvious to need mention.

And now the Chamber is about to discuss the new Electoral Reform Bill. In some ways it is too complicated even for the expert, but its main lines are clear. While there is the danger of constant changes of government, Mussolini rightly argues, no scheme of reconstruction can be carried out. Therefore, he proposes that every voter should vote first for one of the political parties, and secondly for one man mentioned in the party lists. The party which obtains the majority, however small, is to have the right to appoint two thirds of the members of the new Chamber, while the remaining third of the Chamber is to be made up from the other parties in proportional representation. Such a scheme would give the victorious party a clear majority for the five years' duration of the Legislature. As there has been no opposition since Mussolini came into power the bill might appear superfluous, and it is rapidly arousing hostility, so much so that it will have to be modified if Mussolini is to carry it through Parliament.

It is not the sort of bill one reads with satisfaction in the twentieth century, but the results of passing it will probably be less unfortunate for Italy than would be the results of rejecting it.

The militia and the Electoral Reform Bill serve to show how effectively liberty has been chloroformed. But they also serve to show how necessary is Mussolini's continuance in power. The Prime Minister is an amazingly strong man; he has the advantage of succeeding a number of amazingly weak men; and, above all, he had, and still has, the enthusiastic support of the bulk of the nation. If he should fail there is nobody in Italy who could succeed. And his success is very far from certain. The economic and financial situation has not greatly improved; the cost of living has increased; Mussolini's immediate assistants are as insignificant as were those of Venizelos; the provincial leaders of Fascismo are all anxious to play the rôle of local dictator and are furious if they are not allowed to do so; everyone who desires to make a career or to live in peace has to

profess absolute belief in Fascismo and Mussolini; and, worst of all, or best of all, — according to one's way of looking at it, — despite the October revolution and the two chaotic years which preceded it, despite the suppression of newspapers and the organization of a partisan army, Italy has not changed. The improvements, important though they be, are surface improvements only; changes based on the suppression of personal liberty and freedom of speech will not last.

If Mussolini is to make Italy the country he desires to make her — a Prussian paradise with orange groves — he will have to realize that Senator Albertini is not necessarily a traitor because he believes in democracy, and that no country, even as tired of weak governments as was Italy, will put up with tyranny indefinitely. The great hope for Italy lies in the fact that Mussolini may still realize that the iron fist does not necessarily mean strength. Otherwise his enemies will soon outnumber his supporters and the country will again be plunged into chaos.

THE 'TIN LIZZIE'

BY SANTIAGO VINARDELL

From *La Vanguardia*, June 10
(BARCELONA CLERICAL AND FINANCIAL DAILY)

'How are we going to get to all these villages on our list?'

'We'll not miss one.'

'Bring the road guide, then.'

'What help would that be? There aren't any roads.'

'Surely there will be cart trails!'

'Not even cart trails. When our politicians talk to the voters here, the

honest electors tell them that what they want is cash, and that they will vote for the man who has the most coin to spend. You can see for yourself that a candidate who buys his votes at twenty or thirty dollars 'a beard' — these peasants don't shave twice a year — thinks he has already done enough for his district, and pays no

attention to getting roads or anything else for his constituents.'

'The people may stand it, but we ourselves need roads. Have we got to visit all these places on horseback? It'll be a dickens of a job.'

'Let's see if we can't hire the gypsy's "tin lizzie."'

'"Tin lizzie!" You mean the old diligence?'

'Of course not. A couple of years ago he bought one of these cheap autos made of tin, and tougher than the armor of the Cid.'

'Let's try it, then.'

The gypsy, a tall, sinewy old fellow, tanned like parchment by the sun and wind, received us in the same shed that in the good old times housed his diligence and mule teams. To-day it had a single occupant, a cheap automobile. We began to dicker.

'Here, we've got to visit all these hamlets here. They say there are n't any roads or even passable cart trails to them.'

'Sure. Don't I know it?'

'Well, can you get us there?'

'With this devil,' he said, patting the radiator, 'with this devil I'll take you five stories deep into hell. She has never failed me yet. We'll go crosscut over the fields. She's a regular tank for climbing obstacles.'

'Get ready, then, and let's be off.'

The gypsy went away for a moment, returning with a square kerosene-tin full of water. 'She's got to drink, you know,' he explained. And the machine slobbered and gurgled when he poured the water in, like a thirsty horse. Again he disappeared, returning with an old yellow nosebag.

'Do you feed her, too?' I asked.

'Man alive, no! I've got my lunch and a few tools in here.'

The gypsy donned a long black jacket that he used to wear when he

drove the diligence, put on a cap with the visor over his left ear, lighted a stogie, and then said: 'At your service, gentlemen.'

There were three of us. I took the seat by the side of the driver, partly because I wanted to talk with the interesting old fellow. For a short distance the highway was magnificent, and our 'tin lizzie' seemed fairly to tread on silk. Now and then our ex-diligence driver shouted: '*Coronela!*' That was my cue to start a conversation.

'What do you mean by *Coronela*?'

'What do I mean, sir? It's because I cannot reconcile myself to this contraption. It does n't go down with me. It never ceases to be a machine. My mules knew me. If they gave me a kick now and then, at least they meant all right. Those were just quarrels between friends.'

'Why did you give them up, then?'

'Well, if I had things my way, I would still be driving the old diligence. But everybody said that automobiles were better and a company was organized and started a service. I saw I was going to be left by the roadside. Then the family and some of my friends got together and persuaded me. One of them, who has read a lot — because he's a barber, you know — said: "Why don't you go to the city and learn to run one of those contrivances? Don't get a big one, because you are already an old man. Buy a little four-seater. Don't be a fool, boy, go ahead." So I followed their advice. I learned to run one and bought this little beast. Her only fault is that she's got no brains. I compliment her by calling her *Coronela*.'

I did not laugh, because we were passing through a bit of woods, jumping precariously from stump to root. But our little machine navigated it without mishap. A little later we were

in a field of tall grass. I expected every moment that we should crash against a hidden rock. We were badly shaken up a few times, but negotiated this, too, without much difficulty.

Now and then a steep bank seemed to block our passage. Then the gypsy would make his car do her 'tank act,' encouraging her with a string of expletives such as muleteers use in similar emergencies. At one point, where we tried to cross a slough, our plucky car sank in up to the hubs. Happily, a man with oxen chanced along just then, and pulled us out.

Darkness came on before we returned. It was a wonderful experience, to thread our way through a narrow wood-road, illumined by the car's

electric headlights. I do not know if their beams scattered the fairies and gnomes from our course, but I do know that they frightened a thousand other tenants of the forest. The only woodland dwellers that did not take flight were the rabbits. They stopped and stared, fascinated, at our lights, with their big, dazzled eyes, until our car, turning huntsman, crushed one under our wheel, thus adding its solitary note of tragedy to our weird experience.

When we reached the regular highway again, the gypsy stopped for a moment to light a stogie, and glancing at me with a self-satisfied air, said, as he patted his machine: 'Now you see for yourself. We two make a team that can go anywhere.'

THE DIARY OF NICHOLAS II

BY E. T.

From *Sovremennya Zapiski*, January-February, 1923
(PARIS RUSSIAN NON-BOLSHEVIST LITERARY AND POLITICAL BIMONTHLY)

At Moscow, in the Archives of the former Ministry of Foreign Affairs, are kept the diaries of Nicholas II and his wife, Alexandra Fedorovna.

The Tsar's diaries are written in Russian, in a large, broad handwriting. They contain daily entries, and we find there an echo of every incident of the closing years of his tragic reign.

However, the great events noted by Nicholas II are refracted strangely under his pen. Such facts, for instance, as the Moscow uprising of 1905, the significance of which, it seems, ought to be clear even to him, are described in exactly the same tone and with the same words that he uses to

describe the petty happenings of his everyday personal life. He records little unimportant details. Thus, after this revolt Colonel Min, chief of one of the 'punitive expeditions' to Moscow, came to Petrograd and was honored by an invitation to dinner at the Palace. Nicholas habitually records the name of all who were guests at table, but this time he also mentions that Colonel Min showed them some weapons confiscated at Moscow. That is all that he troubles himself to say about Colonel Min's visit. Complex and world-important incidents are reduced to a barren mention, and of all the men prominent at that period he names only those whom

he invited to dinner or who made official reports to him. Very rarely does the Tsar record a personal opinion; he hardly ever speaks of his thoughts and feelings; his attitude is that of an indifferent observer.

Nicholas II was as fond of meteorological observations as his father and his brother George, although he was less pedantic in the matter. He limits himself to a daily remark like the following: 'Cold to-day,' 'Cloudy,' 'Snow to-night.'

His diary ends only a few days before he was murdered. The disorders of February, 1917, immediately preceding his overthrow, are described in condensed, short sentences, as well as the steps taken by the Government toward their 'liquidation.' The Tsar is compelled to return to Petrograd from the Army Headquarters; his train stops because the rails are torn off by the mutinous regiments. 'What disgrace!' he exclaims on this occasion. The arrival of the delegates who first suggested his abdication is treated quite coolly, without indignation. 'It came out that it is necessary for me to abdicate.' Later, 'after talking it over' with the delegates, he simply adds: 'I consented.' The very same evening, March 2, the Tsar 'read the Life of Julius Cæsar and played dominoes.'

After his abdication the Tsar went back to Army Headquarters where, for the first time, the customary ceremony of greeting him was omitted. The armies were silent when the former autocrat appeared before them, and he duly notes this in the diary. The only intimation of his feelings the following days is a repetition of the entry: 'Heavy at heart.' His return to Tsarskoe and to his family is a great joy to him. He makes haste to see everyone who lives in the Palace, and during the first few days is busy burning letters. Then he records in detail how many logs he chopped and sawed each day, and which

one of the children accompanied him on his daily walk in the park.

It is important to note that reading was one of his chief daily occupations; Nicholas II read even in the darkest days of his life. The diaries have mostly a laconic entry: 'Read,' but often the book is also mentioned. In his last years the Tsar read mostly Russian authors, for instance the whole ten volumes of Leskov at one stretch. Shortly before his death he read *Paul I* by Merezhkovskii—a book that impressed him deeply. In 1917, strange as it seems, Nicholas read *War and Peace* for the first time in his life.

He read the newspapers, but rarely mentions political events, except a few that arouse his indignation. Thus, upon learning of Grand Duke Mikhail's abdication in favor of the Constitutional Assembly, he says: 'I should like to know who advised Misha to do such a nasty thing.' Our military misfortunes in the summer and autumn of 1917 are mentioned with disgust.

The confinement at Tsarskoe Selo, which at first seemed to agree with Nicholas II, at length weighed heavily upon him. The news of their departure, announced to them only one day ahead and without mentioning the direction in which they were going, overjoyed him. He hoped to be sent to the South, and began to pack, and took, among other things, the photographs made during his visit to Japan, when a young man, intending to sort them after the family settled down anew.

Their departure, announced for the evening, did not take place until the dawn of the next morning. All night the Tsar's family sat in their coats waiting for the automobiles to come. The former heir to the throne could not go to bed, which is especially noted by his father. 'A huge annoyance resulted' is the way Nicholas III expressed the feelings of that tedious

night. The family was finally taken to the railway station under a strong convoy; and Nicholas went to bed immediately upon entering the car.

During their last days in Ekaterinburg, after all their last attendants were sent away, the former Grand Duchesses had to wash their clothes, and knead and bake their bread. Describing this latter occupation, their father remarks: 'Fine!' One morning Commissar Yurovskii appeared to search their quarters — something which became a frequent occurrence — and, noticing cheese and milk upon the breakfast table, declared that no more cheese and milk would be allowed the prisoners.¹ In relating this event, Nicholas remarks complainingly that it delayed the breakfast. He invariably felt quite upset whenever a meal was late.

During this period the Tsar received two mysterious letters which are also preserved among the documents relating to his imprisonment. They are written upon white paper, in bad French, with a careless hand, and signed: *Un officier russe*. The writer declares his

loyalty and his desire to save the Tsar and his family. He implores Nicholas to give his consent to a detailed plan of escape, for which, however, he says that a written consent of the Tsar is essential. There are reasons to believe that the Tsar wrote and gave that consent. In his diary there is a note: 'We spent a sleepless night, nobody undressed . . . they wanted to kidnap us.' The official statement of the Soviet Government that Nicholas Romanov was executed because he plotted to escape, has probably a connection with these letters, which are more than suspicious both from their appearance and their excessive protestations of loyalty and devotion.

The last short notes of Nicholas show the stupor which overwhelmed him. He was depressed by the lack of news 'from the outside' and his uncertainty as to the fate of his mother; the rest 'does not matter.' His diary ends four days before Alexandra Fedorovna made the last entry in her own diary, which was on the eve of their gruesome death.

THE ROYALIST TYPE

BY M. L. SZITTYA

From *Prager Tagblatt*, June 8
(GERMAN-CZECH DAILY)

No sooner had Robespierre's head fallen under the guillotine than the 'golden youth' of France began to be noisy again. Once more they became masters of the streets which the people had dedicated to their ideals of liberty. The theatres could only produce such plays as were pleasing to them and the tipsy students brought the songs of the

conservative party once more into use.

The picture is still the same, and even the ringleaders have a similar look. An example from the life of our own day is Léon Daudet. I have been watching Daudet's activity for twenty years and I observe that all his Royalism is built wholly on scandal. He has discovered the fact that the best way

to undermine the republic is with scandalous stories. All the political sensations that have occurred in France since the Dreyfus affair have been disclosed in Daudet's newspaper, *L'Action Française*. Daudet knows that Royalism can secure the power only if French patriotism is preached in the most extreme terms and the republic itself discredited in every possible way.

Even before the war some German or other living in France was hauled up as a spy almost every week, or rather he was represented as a spy by Daudet's clique. Most of them naturally protested against this spy mania, as for example the writer, Wilhelm Uhde, who was arrested as a spy on the sole ground that it had been discovered he was a former lieutenant in the German army. As might have been expected, Uhde brought suit against Daudet and the process ended with a verdict against the Frenchman.

It was Daudet who began to bring charges against Caillaux even before the war because of his friendship for the Germans; and Calmette, the editor of *Figaro*, whose attacks later led to his murder by Mme. Caillaux, merely carried a little further the fight that Daudet began. Caillaux may lay all his troubles during the war to Daudet. Yet this Royalist leader is after all a very comic figure. He acts as if he were the dictator of Royalism and the funniest stories dealing with this characteristic go the rounds. It is said that in 1912 he reproached his King, the pretender to the throne of France, because he did not act in kingly fashion, and a bitter feud broke out between the jobless king and his own propagandists, which gave the French press a week-long sensation.

During the war it looked as if France were going to go back to a kingdom many a time and the Royalists attained great power through the

world catastrophe. They were much more 'patriotic' than Briand, Clemenceau, and Hervé. They had an office specially devoted to uncovering spies. The Bolo Pasha affair and the Almeyda affair were both their products (an extremely interesting novel dealing with the Almeyda case has recently appeared under the title, *Die Diplomatische Halbwelt*, based on the papers of a deceased German diplomat). All through the war the diplomats kept the police supplied with evidence against spies of the Central Powers. They praised the assassin of Jaurès as the chief hero of French nationalism and there are even tongues that say that it was through their agency that Clemenceau, the arch-Republican, became Prime Minister. It is curious to reflect that the Royalists sought the downfall of France because they thought that in that way they could secure the unconditional restoration of the monarch. At bottom all Royalists in all Republican countries have the same phases.

There is room for different opinions with regard to the monarchy of *le Roi Soleil*, but it is always rather amusing when the nationalists begin a rationalistic propaganda in favor of the monarch in which alone the safety of the country lies. I shall describe a few of these rationalistic characters here.

Charles Andler, Professor of German Literature at the Sorbonne, had played with every possible Republican problem before the war and was a Republican himself. When war broke out, having some Alsatian blood in his veins, he discovered his French 'patriotism' and began to abuse the Germans. This kind of thing was taken seriously in France for the first time during the war and nobody made any suggestions of German intrigue if a man was a Royalist. So the student of German literature became a Royalist

leader and after the war he could not get rid of his leadership.

Albert Sorel is a man with a tradition. He was once a Republican, then swung toward Socialism, and later toward Syndicalism. As a Syndicalist he permitted himself Royalist leanings and sometimes went so far as to give lectures before Syndicalist organizations showing how well off the working class would be under a monarch. Thus we see how democratic Royalism becomes in France. Extremes often meet. As an amusing example of Sorel's peculiarity we must mention the fact that during Mussolini's struggle in Italy he often sent encouragement to the leader of the Fascisti. After the Communists gained influence among the French Syndicalists, Sorel withdrew entirely from the movement and to-day is a Simon-pure Royalist.

So far we have discussed some typical Royalists — whose opinions to be sure we do not share, but whose sincerity we do not doubt. Mere Royalist adventurers, however, are quite another matter. Trebitsch Lincoln is one of the most interesting high-class political swindlers alive to-day. He comes from a poor Jewish family in Budapest and has traveled all over Europe as a journeyman. In Hamburg he made his way into the Evangelical Oriental Mission, had himself baptized, and managed to become an Oriental missionary. But being a clever fellow he realized that the time is still to come when a man can get very far as a missionary. He became an English citizen, mingled in political circles, and eventually became a member of Parliament. He would have gone far as a politician. Perhaps he would even have become a Socialist or a Communist, but the thirst for adventure was in his blood, and when the war broke out Lincoln was arrested as a spy. Whether he really was a spy I do

not know. He was a very clever fellow and escaped from prison. He came to Germany and lay quiet throughout the whole of our revolution, but afterward he got in touch with the German Monarchists and it is believed to-day that Trebitsch Lincoln was the arch-contriver of the Kapp Putsch. After the Putsch had failed he took refuge in Munich, still working with the Monarchists, but he had to flee as the result of a swindle and made his way back to his Hungarian home, where he was held in great honor. For a time, he had free access to Admiral Horthy — he was even allowed to use Government vehicles — but to-day he is in very bad odor there on account of his share in Emperor Karl's attempted return and he has had to disappear.

The funniest part must always come at the end. We must mention one more queer Royalist. There is one particular candidate for the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, Eugène François. He is a man who has been in the asylum for five years because he insisted that all the works of a distinguished author were stolen from himself. The author was not even acquainted with François. When he finally got out of the asylum he wrote ten thick volumes telling the story of the 'plagiarism.' No publisher would accept the book and so François opened a bookstore of his own on the rue Saint Germain and to take revenge on bourgeoisie society became a Royalist. He delivered lectures on Royalism all over France and undoubtedly plotted to get into the French Chamber of Deputies.

Another extremely curious fellow that I came to know was a Hungarian tailor named Steiner, who came to Paris as a journeyman. Being illiterate he learned to read and write in Paris and became a French citizen and later a Royalist agitator. To-day he is a rich man — a tailor to the aristocracy.

GOETHE ONCE MORE

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

[*The present article is based on a new book by Karl Ludwig, Goethe, Geschichte eines Menschen.*]

From *The Nation and the Athenæum*, June 23
(LIBERAL LITERARY AND POLITICAL WEEKLY)

THE recent revival of the English Goethe Society marks, one dares to hope, a further stage in the return to sanity. Lord Haldane, who read an admirable paper, in emphasizing the need for a real peace with Germany, called in aid the great German poet. A lover of peace, no doubt, Goethe was, among so many other things, though it might be hard to prove that he was an enemy of war. An enemy, however, he was of the particular form of madness that is at the root of modern wars. He was an anti-nationalist. When the French overran Germany he declined to hate them; he had an unbounded admiration for Napoleon; and to the German patriots all he would say was this: 'Shake your chains. You will never shake him off.' He was wrong there, but he seems, nevertheless, to have been unrepentant; and when the Germans sang:—

'Thank God, who 's done so well for us,
The tyrant sits on St. Helena's shore,'

he replied:—

'Yes, but you 've only banished the one!
Now you 've a hundred tyrants more.'

At any rate, like all the great thinkers of the eighteenth century, he was above and beyond nationality. He was the last flower of the Renaissance, a successor and peer of Leonardo. A poet in the first place, and a great one, he was also a critic and practitioner of art, a playwright, and the manager of

a theatre, an administrator, a financier, an agriculturist, the director of a university, of galleries, museums, libraries, a man of science, and, in the older sense of the word, a philosopher. His personality was thus, in a symbol, a refutation of his own theory of light, for his white blaze was compounded of all the colors of the rainbow. One thing he was not, a systematizer and a metaphysician. For these spin a cocoon to shut themselves in and the world out; whereas Goethe exposed himself all the time to the light, that he might grow. He lived and died a skeptic—that is, an investigator. But his investigation was not specialization, it was contact with facts at every possible point.

Such a life is nothing if not strenuous, and Goethe was never the calm Olympian he has been sometimes represented. That was a pose he could assume; but it was like the snow on Etna. He oscillated between the extremes of despair and levity. Fortunate he was, for he never had to struggle with poverty. But happy he was not, in spite of his success in love, in art, in fame. 'I have always been regarded,' he said, 'as a man specially favored by fortune. But at bottom it has been nothing but trouble and work; and I may truly say that in my seventy-five years I have not had a month of true enjoyment. It was the perpetual rolling of a stone that was always rolling back.' In this unceasing strug-

gle we find him everything that a man can be — serious, passionate, laborious, but also violent, ironical, obscene. Only, whatever he was, he turned upon himself an observant eye, his 'dæmon,' as he liked to call it, driving him blindly on, his 'genius' taking stock of the result.

For in this tempestuous career, his centre of interest was himself. 'Really,' he says, 'my study of nature and art is egoistic, to instruct myself, and I write about it only to develop myself. What people make of it is all one to me.' In this there is the impatience of a man habitually misunderstood, which comes out more savagely in the doggerel verse: —

For and against, discussing still, the people
come and go;
But what I've really done, you pack of hounds,
you'll never know.

Clearly there was no saint in his composition, any more than there was a metaphysician; and his famous counsel of renunciation was not one of self-sacrifice. But he was not, for that reason, also selfish. For self-development as he understood it implied contacts with other people, and therefore not only service, but friendship. His ten years of administration were years of bondage to the people; and there stand recorded of him as many acts of kindness as if he had professed unselfishness. The whole effort of his life was to come into comprehending contact both with nature and men; and that, as he constantly insists, could only be done by love. The process was as infinite as the world; and Goethe did not choose to suppose that it ended at death. To say that he 'believed' in another life may be to use a phrase too positive. But his imagination played round the idea. He dreamed, however, not of a static eternity, like Dante, but of a perpetual development in an inexhaustible time.

'The conviction of our continuance springs from the idea of activity; for if I work untiringly to the end nature is bound to assign me another form of existence, when my spirit can no longer support the one I now have.'

This conception of activity dominated Goethe's conception of nature as well as of man. Its finest expression is the great hymn of the Erdgeist in *Faust*. That is untranslatable. But here, in a little poem (paraphrased rather than translated), is the same idea: —

Into the sea that breeds us all
The unit should be glad to fall;
For evermore creative Fate
Will make, dissolve, and re-create,
Till by its working comes to birth
A purer sun, a fairer earth.
Continuously the shaping cause
Moves on and only seems to pause,
And all that struggles to abide
Is swept along the eddying tide.

This fundamental idea made Goethe one of the first evolutionists. He did what is recognized as valuable work in science; but he did it as a poet rather than a researcher. For laboratories, instruments, abstract entities he had an unconquerable aversion. His discoveries in botany and anatomy were made by direct observation of plants and bones. He seems to have thought it in doubtful taste to look through a telescope at the moons of Jupiter; and, though shortsighted from his youth, he had an abhorrence of glasses. What could be rightly known at all, he thought, could be known through the plain senses, interpreted by the imagination. And his obstinate repugnance to Newton's theory of light rested, apparently, at bottom on a feeling that it was paradoxical and insulting to nature to suppose that anything so pure and so simple as white light could be compounded of colors. What he liked was wandering about the mountains chipping rocks, watching a snake

in a bottle and speculating on the life imprisoned in that temporary and imperfect form, or lingering over flowers in the gardens of Rome. And it is a characteristic anecdote that tells us how he objected to an inference, from two observations only, to the nature of a whole stratum. 'You might as well say that because my mistress kissed me on the first and third day, she did not kiss somebody else on the second.' Science, for him, was never divorced from poetry and speculation. In one of his most revealing sentences he writes: 'Often I appear to myself like a magic oyster over which strange waves flow.' And some of his observations anticipate the most modern ideas and discoveries. 'Man must always take flight to the Unconscious,' he says in one place. And then: 'The time will come when the mechanical and atomistic conception will be driven out of good heads, so that all phenomena will appear dynamic and chemical, and the divine life of nature come once more into evidence.'

What would he have thought of our present plight? He had, to begin with, little, if anything, of the old man's clinging to the past. Born into an age of romance and a nation of vague enthusiasm, he worked his way, by thought and action, to the threshold of the modern world. And if in his younger years he had said to would-be emigrants, 'Your America is here or nowhere,' later he hails the new continent in these half-serious lines: —

America, you're better found
Than we, on our historic ground;
At least you've got no ruined walls!
So follow where the moment calls.
And if your children take to verse,
May Heaven save them from the curse
Of knights and robbers, ghosts and ghouls.

Heaven answered the old man's prayer. But he did not live to see what has followed from the dispersion of the elements his whole life was an effort to hold together. He did not see science divorced from humanity, and art from both. He did not see the triumph of abstract thought and the materialization of human life. He did not see industry escaped from the control of purpose and men and women sacrificed to the phantom of money.

He did not see, in a word, the twentieth century. If he had, would he have despaired? Hardly. He would have gathered himself together to pursue more obstinately his own synthetic course: —

All I have done is to desire and grasp,
Desire again, again pursue and clasp,
Storm through the world, at first with youthful
rage,

Then growing ever warier in my age.
This world is eloquent to a man of worth.
Why should he seek a heaven above the earth?
Through joy and pain triumphant let him ride,
Still pressing on and still unsatisfied.

Those words of the aged Faust may serve also for the aged Goethe. But for us now it may seem fitter to end on another note: —

Let your trouble be;
Light will follow dark.
Though the heaven falls,
You may hear the lark.

THE WAR FOR REALITY

BY HOLBROOK JACKSON

From *To-Day*, June
(LONDON LITERARY PAMPHLET)

THE history of civilization is a record of warfare between reality and illusion. It is a story of innumerable battles between individuals and groups of people of all kinds for what they believe to be true, for a place in the sun of security and permanence, for a claim or a concession in the Land of Heart's Desire — the realm of reality. There are doubtless many roads leading into that delectable land, but no one has yet succeeded in putting up a finger post which carries with it the inevitability and reliability of those signs on the king's highway which guide us from village to village and from town to town. The finger posts of philosophy and religion point in innumerable directions, each claiming that theirs is the only way.

The result is that the intellectual traffic is in a hopeless tangle at every crossroads, and there is no kindly and knowing despot on point-duty to disentangle it. Some get out and dash along the main road with speed and hope, only to become entangled again at the next crossroads or to take a wrong turning by the way, finding themselves somewhere else or in a cul-de-sac. The confusion is aggravated by everyone shouting conflicting instructions and orders at everyone else. Some give up the struggle, close their eyes, fold their arms, and announce to their nearest neighbors that there really is no confusion unless you believe there is. Others say it is n't confusion at all but the inscrutable operations of the ways of Progress — mankind rising on stepping-stones of his dead selves to

higher things. Then somebody with a fuller voice and a more emphatic style than the rest is heard above the din calling, 'Keep to the Right!' and the rest fall upon him and hang him on the nearest lamp-post.

Evidences of this confusion are so obvious as to need no more than passing mention. Difference of opinion is a normal human condition. In the mass it is quiescent: we agree to differ, and so get on with our jobs more or less — so far, at least, as others will permit us. We make terms with the incalculable and the indeterminate and so merge into groups and nations. This working compromise is disturbed every now and then by the aggression of individuals and the clash of interest. Such disturbances are quickly checked in these days by the skillful closure or side-tracking of public utterance and opinion in the popular Press.

At one time this method was unnecessary because there was no organized or very active criticism of authority. The mentally inquisitive people, the imaginative, questioning, restless disturbers of the intellectual peace, were few and scattered. Their lines of communication were inefficient and limited, and their records are buried in a handful of portentous words and epithets which they have given to the language, such as '*fanatiques*,' '*covenanters*,' '*dissenters*,' '*passive resisters*,' and '*conscientious objectors*.' Intimations of these and similar dissonances were silenced, on the homœopathic principle of like curing like, by

silence. No one, if he could help it, mentioned them. The general Press ignored their real opinions.

The method of dealing with such disturbing phenomena is now changed. The lines of communication of ideas, wise and otherwise, have been so multiplied and extended that any propagator of them can achieve publicity and, since we have no axioms of the intellect or the emotions, adherents. There are even definable groups of impressionable people who make an art of unstability and spend their time gadding about the 'movements.' At one time they are 'Secularists,' at another 'Theosophists,' then 'Fabians,' and then 'Psychoanalysts'; they are ever on the dance after the latest 'prophet'—Ibsen, Tolstoi, Nietzsche, Shaw, Dostoevskii, Blavatskii, Ouspenskii. Few of these become formidable to authority. But each one of them is a 'carrier,' and some of the germs of restlessness scattered about by them become dangerous 'cultures.' It is these latter which are the subject of special attention. They are the danger centres in the domain of established ideas and things, and all the instruments of public expression are used against them. The method generally adopted may be compared with poisoning the wells in ordinary warfare. They are condemned without trial or public examination by ridicule, misrepresentation, and distortion. The public mind is poisoned against them.

In a great many instances this process of extermination does not matter, because intellectual people are just as susceptible to fads, and dangerous fads, too, as their less-enlightened fellows. The trouble is that the good ideas are

slain with the bad without any reference to their chances of serving humanity. In this way an illusion of stability is created in the midst of chaos. The war for reality continues because no one will face the facts as they are related to each other.

A good point of observation of this seemingly eternal battle of ideas and methods is the theatre. The stage is no longer the last refuge of defunct ideas and dead illusions. The defenses of the old theatrical stupidity have been so far broken down that a month rarely passes in London without some dramatic production worth the attention of intelligent people when in search of something which feeds and satisfies the spiritual life rather than fills an idle hour or so after dinner. Very often such productions are entertaining as well, which is all to the good, for amusement and art often go together, even when they are the expression of profound thoughts and feelings.

Two examples of the kind of thing I mean exist at the moment. One is the production of what is called *The Insect Play*, by the Brothers Capek, at the Regent Theatre, and the other, the revival of Shaw's *Major Barbara* at the Everyman Theatre. Both of these plays are fascinating entertainments, and both are profound and vigorous attempts to face realities. In addition they are most effectively and intelligently produced and acted. There are other good theatrical productions in London at the moment, but these stand out as masterpieces capable of giving entertaining nourishment to anyone but the congenital dullard and the conventional ass.

A PAGE OF VERSE

I SHALL REMEMBER YOU

BY ANTHONY RICHARDSON

[*Saturday Review*]

I SHALL remember you when I am dead,
You, and the things you've said;
You, and the things you've done.
They'll be spear-points of the sun
Tilting over a broken hill,
Or bird-songs over the sill.

It won't hurt so much being dead,
Understanding the things you've said:
'We've nine pounds a week, so we'll save.'
'I'd rather have white beads than red.'
'I'll see your hot-bottle's in bed.'
I'll remember, the other side of the hill . . .
I'll be brave.

JUNE

BY MARGARET SACKVILLE

[*Observer*]

FLAUNT not the magic of thy beauty, June,
Before these eyes, unable to endure
Thy twilight and thy morning and thy noon —
Lest, being blind with light, they find no cure.

Sing not within our ears thy sultry song,
Lest we forget, and bear no more in mind
Our name — or the names of those we dwell among —
Because June's magic leaves us deaf and blind.

Oh! blur thy roses in a mist of rain!
Too fair — too fair for us, who still must go
Necessitous and passionless and plain,
Full of dull wisdom. Was it always so?

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MRS. GASKELL'S DIARY

MRS. GASKELL was just the sort of person whose diary is sure to make good reading. What joyous news then to learn that her grandson, Mr. Brian Holland, has given permission for the publication of fifty copies of a journal kept by the author of *Cranford*, which are to be distributed to various libraries.

The diary is dedicated 'To my dear little Marianne' as 'a token of her Mother's love, and extreme anxiety in the formation of her little daughter's character.' In the diary Mrs. Gaskell goes on: 'If that little daughter should in time become a mother herself, she may take an interest in the experience of another; and at any rate she will perhaps like to become acquainted with her character in its earliest form.'

Mrs. Gaskell is revealed by the diary as a curiously modern parent. She is not above reading books on the education of children, she avoids the old Victorian habit of extreme severity, and she also reveals some of the qualms that affect modern parenthood:—

Now all a woman's life, at least so it seems to me now, ought to have a reference to the period when she will be fulfilling one of her greatest and highest duties, those of a mother. I feel myself so unknowing, so doubtful about many things in her intellectual and moral treatment already, and what shall I be when she grows older, and asks those puzzling questions that children do? I hope I shall always preserve my present good intentions and sense of my holy trust, and then I must pray to be forgiven for my errors and led into a better course.

Mr. E. B. Osborn, literary editor of the *Morning Post*, observes that the

diary is 'unlike those in which some modern ladies confide their emotions — nay, their commotions — to the world without.' So it is, but then *Cranford* was not in the least like modern London.



PADEREWSKI GOES ABROAD

AFTER a winter of steady triumphs in this country, Paderewski is repeating his successes in London and Paris. At his first appearance in the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées he played encores for an hour and a quarter after his formal programme had come to an end. The receipts for a single recital were estimated at about 120,000 francs, and the great artist with characteristic generosity contributed his own share to the fund in aid of the laboratories of France. The theatre curtain had finally to be lowered when Paderewski had exhausted himself with encores. But when he left the theatre there was still a large crowd about the exit crying, 'Vive Paderewski! Vive la Pologne!'

Paderewski played very much the same sort of programme that he has been playing all winter in America, beginning with the Mendelssohn Variations, going on into a Schumann Fantasia, and ending the first part of the programme with the Beethoven *Appassionata*. The second part was devoted to Chopin and ended with Liszt. The Twelfth Rhapsody was the last number on the programme.

His Paris success, where most of the high officials of the Government were in his first audience and where the audience, like their American predecessors, rose to receive him, was equaled in London.

UNCHARTED ROCKS

MR. BASSETT DIGBY has an interesting article in the *Manchester Guardian* on the uncharted rocks and islands of the sea and their mysterious ways of dodging and befooling the map-makers. Sometimes they are very dangerous. One of the worst, Lamb Rock, was found about thirty years ago coming straight up to the surface in water a couple of hundred feet deep. It was like a cathedral spire and rose straight into the middle of the Canadian-liner lane into the St. Lawrence River. In calm weather its tip was thirty-three feet below the surface. This is a bare margin of safety, but in rough weather the rock was a lurking peril to any big ship that might come along. The extraordinary thing is that a Canadian fisherman knew all about its existence, but since he found the rock good fishing-ground, which he was unwilling to share with his rivals, he kept the secret to himself and if he had not chanced to make an indiscreet remark in a saloon one day, the rock might still be unknown. That remark gave the harbor authorities a clue and they promptly corrected the chart.

The Avocet Rock, in the southern end of the Red Sea, also stands in the middle of the steamer lane to India. The steamship Avocet struck it and sank in one hundred and four fathoms. It looked like pure carelessness on the part of the captain. The British naval vessel Flying Fish was sent to investigate. She could find no trace of any rock. Then another ship, the Teddington, sank at the same place. Another British vessel went to investigate and she too could find nothing. Then a third vessel nosed about in the vicinity for six weeks with equal ill success. Finally H. M. S. Stork made an investigation and located the rock only three hundred yards from the place

where one of her predecessors had anchored. The rock was covered by a bare fifteen feet of water at low tide.



RELICS OF GEORGE ELIOT

A COLLECTION of books, manuscripts, works, and papers of George Eliot was recently sold in London by the executors of the will of Mrs. Gertrude Lewes, the widow of Charles Lee Lewes, who was the son of George Henry Lewes and a great-grandson of the first Charles Lee Lewes, the eighteenth-century actor. The various articles brought excellent prices. There were 126 lots in all and they sold for £1316.

The books included presentation copies of his own works and those of other writers, from George Henry Lewes to Marian Evans, with some affectionate inscriptions. There were other presentation copies inscribed by various authors 'To Mrs. Lewes' and also 'To George Eliot.' A second edition of Dickens's *Uncommercial Traveller* fetched £90. It was inscribed, 'George Eliot from Charles Dickens, London 1861.' A copy of Robert Browning's *Dramatis Personæ* brought £45. This had especial personal interest because it included three additional stanzas of 'Gold Hair' and additions to the section headings of 'James Lee's wife,' all in Browning's own handwriting. A copy of the Fourth Folio Shakespeare sold for £58 and a copy of D. G. Rossetti's *Poems*, with the inscription 'To Mrs. Lewes with D. G. Rossetti's kind regards, April 1870,' sold for £25.

The most interesting manuscripts were a series of twenty notebooks used by the novelist for her various works. The one on which *Middlemarch* was based included sixty-seven octavo pages with notes on politics of the day, suggestions for chapter headings, and

notes on medical questions. There were two notebooks for *Romola* and the journal of George Eliot's trip in 1864 to Italy and her Spanish trip in 1867. There was also correspondence with Lewes, Thackeray, and Dickens, as well as furniture and other personal property. The sketch of an unfinished novel sold for £44.



ACROSS THE LIBYAN DESERT

THE Libyan Desert, adjoining Egypt in northeast Africa, is still the abode of mystery. It is possible to venture as far as the oasis of Siwah by motor car, and Mrs. Rosita Forbes has penetrated to Kufrah, still farther in the desert, and thence back to Jarabub, which lies west of Siwah, about 200 miles from the Mediterranean coast.

Even her exploit, however, has now been surpassed by that of Hassanein Bey, who accompanied Mrs. Forbes on her journey in 1920 and 1921. Starting at Sollum he penetrated to Siwah, thence to Jarabub, then pushed on to Kufrah, 500 miles in the heart of the desert, and from there made his way for nearly 1000 miles through the desert to Darfur and thence on to comparative civilization in the Sudan. He had eleven successive days of sandstorms and was continually under suspicion from the Arab inhabitants, most of whom belonged to the Senussi Brotherhood, who are among the most fanatical and suspicious Mohammedans.



THE IMPATIENT SCIENTIST

THE French effort to raise money for the scientific laboratories of France has led to some odd devices. One of the most ingenious was the enacting by the celebrated physicist, Auguste Branly, of his part in the discovery of wireless telegraphy. The idea was that Branly was to perform a few of his original

experiments in their original setting. However, the scientific and motion-picture temperaments mingled about as one might have expected.

This is the story as told by a Paris correspondent:—

Branly, who is a very modest and retiring scientific enthusiast, consented to place himself and his laboratory at the disposal of the cinema people for two whole hours, the profit to go to the fund, of course. He was invaded by a crowd of assertive and magnificent gentlemen, any one of whom would probably have been tempted to give him half a franc if he had met him in the street. They gave their directions with all the ritual of respectful admiration—'A little more to the left, cher maitre,' 'Will you kindly look upwards, cher maitre.' Branly stopped them. 'Not so much "cher maitre." Call me Auguste. But, for heaven's sake, hurry up.' This is a true story.



ALFRED NOYES ON OLD POETRY AND NEW

MR. ALFRED NOYES, who justly lays claim to being an experimenter, but who is mainly distinguished for writing in conventional form, utters some home truths in the London *Morning Post* on the vexed question of old and new forms in poetry. Mr. Noyes writes:—

There are, of course, good new poets and bad new poets. They cannot be accepted or rejected in groups. So far from being opposed to experiment, I believe we are only at the beginning of metrical invention, and that no one should write verse to-day unless he can develop new forms and metrical effects. I have tried to carry out this theory in practice, over and over again; but apparently it is only the very simplest metres that can be read by the hasty modern journalist, and he sometimes thinks that abandonment of form altogether is the quickest road to the new. To ask for development, rather than destruction or the reversion of chaos, is not reactionary. Some knowledge of what has been done in the past is necessary both to experiment and progress. We should never have had

the Spenserian stanza if we had not had the quatrain earlier. Spenser's use of that stanza did not prevent Shelley, Byron, and Tennyson from breathing their own spirit into it, and developing new possibilities in it. It is the task of contemporary poets to develop, in other directions, effects that have hitherto been unused and undiscovered. Your writer asks if I would have modern scientists go back to Roger Bacon. I would only ask him to reply if he would have us abandon the upright position, or hop on one leg, to achieve novelty. We might abandon all language, of course. It was used by Shakespeare, and therefore — by your writer's reasoning — it is useless to the young generation.



ELIZABETHAN REVIVALS

THREE interesting Elizabethan revivals have recently been given in England. The Phoenix Society gave excellent productions of Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Faithful Shepherdess* and of Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, and undergraduates of Merton College, Oxford, produced Massinger's *Duke of Milan*. The Elizabethan scholarship of the last few years has robbed Beaumont and Fletcher of the character of literary Siamese twins which they once possessed, and it is no longer regarded as correct to attribute *The Faithful Shepherdess* to both. The play was published before 1610 and is almost certainly the work of John Fletcher alone.

The music of the Phoenix production was under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham, and the costuming and scenery were done by Mr. Norman Wilkinson. Mr. W. J. Turner, usually a severe critic, was charmed with the performance and ventured the belief that, with judicious cutting, the old play might be made to run in a commercial theatre.

It is worth remembering that Mr.

Walter Hampden last season gave a very beautiful performance of Massinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, which proved to be still full of life before a modern audience. Perhaps the Fletcher play might be equally successful. Mr. Turner says: 'It is years since there has been seen upon any London stage scenes which gave such delight and satisfaction to the eye.'

Volpone seems to have been equally successful, though the Phoenix does not usually time its productions to come so close together. The *Morning Post* comments:—

Volpone is not as many other comedies of its period were. It still contains the breath of life and such powers of provoking laughter that, to benefit the funds of the Stage Society, it was selected for repetition out of all the other plays done by the Phoenix.

Indeed, in a little over two years, *Volpone* has had three public performances, for, in addition to these two productions by the Phoenix, there was the very pleasing revival at Cambridge by the Marlowe Society a little while ago. Three performances in so short a time is not a bad record for a comedy three hundred years old that did not have the good fortune to be written by Shakespeare.

The production of *The Duke of Milan* at Oxford seems to have greatly interested the academic community before whom it was performed. Massinger was a student in St. Alban's Hall, which was later incorporated with Merton. His play was first published in 1623 — a date which the First Folio usurps in the eyes of most literary students — but the old dramatist's own college is loyal to his memory and keeps his tercentenary with a characteristically lively Elizabethan production. No scenery was used except Mr. Nigel Playfair's model of an Elizabethan theatre.

BOOKS ABROAD

Le chemin de Damas, by Jérôme and Jean Tharaud. Paris: Plon et Nourrit, 1923.

[*L'Indépendance Belge*]

RECENTLY General Gouraud, taking an idea of Marshal Lyautey, invited a number of writers to visit Syria and to pass on to their readers the impressions that the trip made upon them. Maurice Barrès, Henry Bordeaux, Jérôme and Jean Tharaud responded to this double invitation. The first published *Le jardin sur l'Oronte*, and the second *Yamîl sous des cèdres*, while the two brothers have written *Le chemin de Damas*. I shall not venture the question which of these three works is best. It seems to me that M. Bordeaux was wrong to write a romantic story in a work of imagination in a setting where necessarily he was not altogether at home. His book is the work of a more or less brilliant literary man inevitably denied the deeper qualities which give life and lasting quality to a book. As for M. Barrès, everyone knows that he sees everything through his own ego and that he would carry his own previously formed opinions to the moon itself. For all we know he may have decided the kind of book that Syria was going to inspire in him before he ever started.

But how simply the brothers Tharaud treat life, nature, and great memories! How they give themselves to their task without reserve! How they gather and receive the free flight of passing impressions! It is not that they are less capable than the others of meditating, reflecting, revising, and classifying. But they performed these operations after their visit, which is the proper way, after they had gathered their harvest of impressions.

Italy Old and New, by Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. London: Stanley Paul, 1923. 10s. 6d.

[*To-Day*]

THOSE who have visited Italy and those who contemplate visiting that delightful country — as who does not? — will find much pleasant reading in this volume. Miss Haight has the rare faculty of making the past history of a place live in the present. She takes the reader with her from Rome to Syracuse and to many beautiful and interesting places by the way, linking up memories of the past with remains of the present and drawing learnedly but entertainingly upon classical writers to give point to her argu-

ment and to adorn her tale. She requisitions the services of Ovid and Horace, Vergil and Catullus, and with great skill weaves their personalities into her story. Nor does she forget what is modern. D'Annunzio and Fiume receive their share of attention, and there are pleasant chapters on such subjects as 'Tea-drinking in Rome,' and 'The Aspirations of Italian Women.' Whether she is reconstructing the old or interpreting the new, Miss Haight is equally happy.

Annotated Bibliography of Sir Richard Francis Burton, K.C.M.G., by Norman N. Penzer. London: A. M. Philpot, 1923. £3 3s.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

If Sir Richard Burton has been unfortunate in his biographers, he has at all events been fortunate in his bibliographer, for Mr. Norman N. Penzer's *Annotated Bibliography of Sir Richard Francis Burton, K.C.M.G.*, would have come up to the exacting requirements of that great traveler and scholar. Burton died thirty-three years ago, and of those who knew him intimately — never, perhaps, a large number — not many can be now alive; but Mr. Penzer has been fortunate in inducing one of these, Dr. F. Grenfell Baker, traveling medical adviser to Burton, and founder of the Burton Memorial Fund, to write a preface, of which the only fault is its brevity.

To those who, on the one hand, know Burton only as the author of fascinating books of travel, or, on the other, only know of him as the translator and annotator of the great collection of Oriental stories popularly known as *The Arabian Nights*, it will come as a great surprise that a bibliography of Burton could occupy 350 large pages. Mr. Penzer has put a very generous interpretation on the word 'bibliography,' and his handsomely produced volume might be more appropriately termed a Burton encyclopædia, seeing that he deals with many points, critical, biographical, and historical, which a bibliographer would consider outside his province. The result is a very large book full of interest to read, and indispensable as a work of reference.

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LUDWIG, KARL. *Goethe Geschichte eines Menschen*. 3 vols. Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta'sche, 1923.